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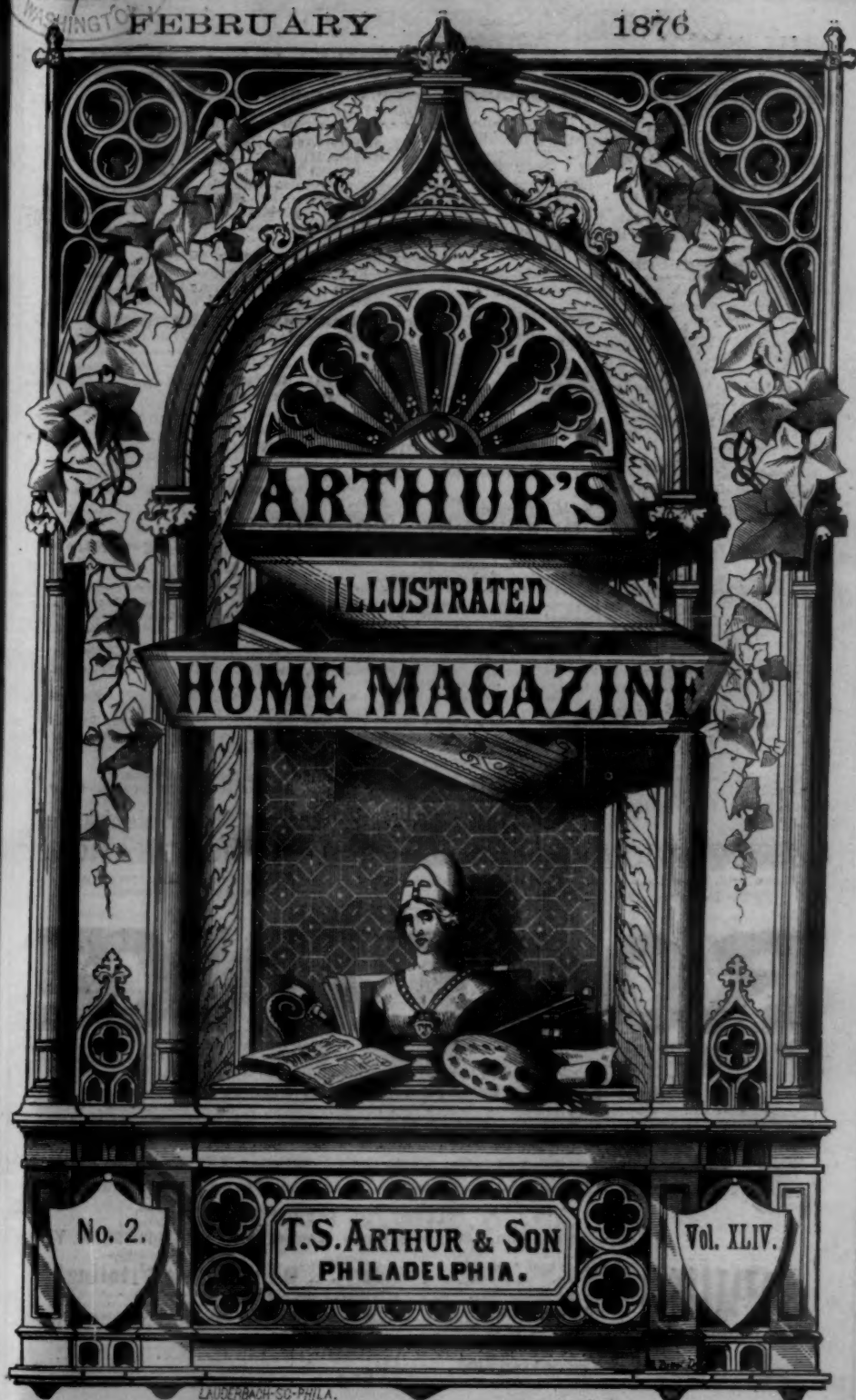
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1876



LAUDERBACH-SO-PHILA.

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[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE" by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

# Ladies' and Children's Garments.



LADIES' STREET COSTUME.

(For Description see next page.)

## LADIES' STREET COSTUME.

This engraving represents a pretty street suit that combines with an ever-fashionable and serviceable fabric the trimming just at present most popular. Bands of almost every variety of fur are the acknowledged decorations of this season, and when tastefully selected are certainly a rich finish.

The skirt to the suit is made of plain silk, lined with crinoline so that the folds will hang gracefully. A front-gore, two side-gores, and two back-breadths form the skirt, which is in a demi-train. The breadths are laid in a large double box-plait and also gathered, but the gores are sewed plainly to the belt. The pattern which was used in cutting it is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure; its number is 3491, and its price is 30 cents.

The polonaise is closely fitted at the front by dou-

ble darts at each side, while the back is adjusted in the customary manner. A plaited cuff completes the sleeve, while the edges are decorated as illustrated with fur. The pattern used in cutting this garment is No. 4231, price 40 cents. It is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and may be used for any material suitable for over-garments. The portmonnaie attached to the girdle, and the muff, are made of fur corresponding with that of the trimming. To make the costume for a lady of medium size, 14½ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be needed; the skirt requiring 5½ yards, and the polonaise 8½ yards.

The hat is of velvet laid over a pretty flaring frame, while the decorations consist of coils and loops, a buckle, and a handsome ostrich feather.



4250  
*Front View.*



4250  
*Back View.*

## LADIES' OVER-SKIRT, WITH KILT CASCADE AT THE BACK.

No. 4250.—Silk is the material represented in these engravings. A deep apron fitted by darts and laid in upward-turning plaits at the sides forms the front of the over-skirt, while the back is laid in kilt-plaits arranged to form a cascade. Fine braid, with a plaiting of the material, trims the bottom of the apron,

while the braid alone borders the cascade, the visible under portion of which is suitably faced. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and the price is 35 cents. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, 9½ yards of 27-inch-wide goods are necessary.





4263  
Front View.



4263  
Back View.

#### LADIES' CORSET-FITTING BASQUE, LACED AT THE BACK.

No. 4263.—The peculiar fitting of this basque renders it very attractive. Beside the ordinary darts at each side, two others are made, each of which terminates at the arm-eyec. A side-back and an under-arm gore at each side, together with a center-seam, are used in fitting the back. The skirt is short

and rounding, while the back is laced, instead of closing with button-holes and buttons. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the basque for a lady of medium size,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods, 27 inches wide, are necessary. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



4252  
Front View.



4252  
Back View.

#### LADIES' FRENCH CLOAK.

No. 4252.—The stylish cloak here represented is made of velvet and trimmed with feather bands and fringe, while the plating at the center of the back is of silk. The Dolman portions cross at the back, where they are confined by a strap and buckle, the ends

joining the front edges of the opposite sides. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and the price is 40 cents. To make the cloak for a lady of medium size,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of wide velvet and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of silk will be necessary.



4264

Front View.

### MISSES' BASQUE, WITH CASCADE BACK.

No. 4264.—A basque like the one illustrated will require only the front of the skirt with which it is worn to be trimmed, as the back is sufficiently long and elaborate to supply the place of profuse decoration. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 30 cents. To make the basque for a miss of 13 years,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required.



4264

Back View.



4255

Front View.

### MISSES' SHORT CLOAK, WITH DIAGONAL FRONT.

No. 4255.—This pattern is suitable for cloth, velvet, silk or suiting, and is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the garment for a miss of 13 years, 3 yards of 27-inch-wide goods are necessary. In the illustration the basque is trimmed with *matelassé*, but velvet, feather-bands or fur would decorate it quite as prettily. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



4255

Back View.



4253

Front View.

### MISSES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 4253.—The pattern illustrated by these engravings is particularly attractive for its drapery back and its demi-shirred front. It is made of silk and prettily trimmed with tassel fringe and ribbon bows. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age; and of material 27 inches wide,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards will be needed to make the garment for a miss 12 years old. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

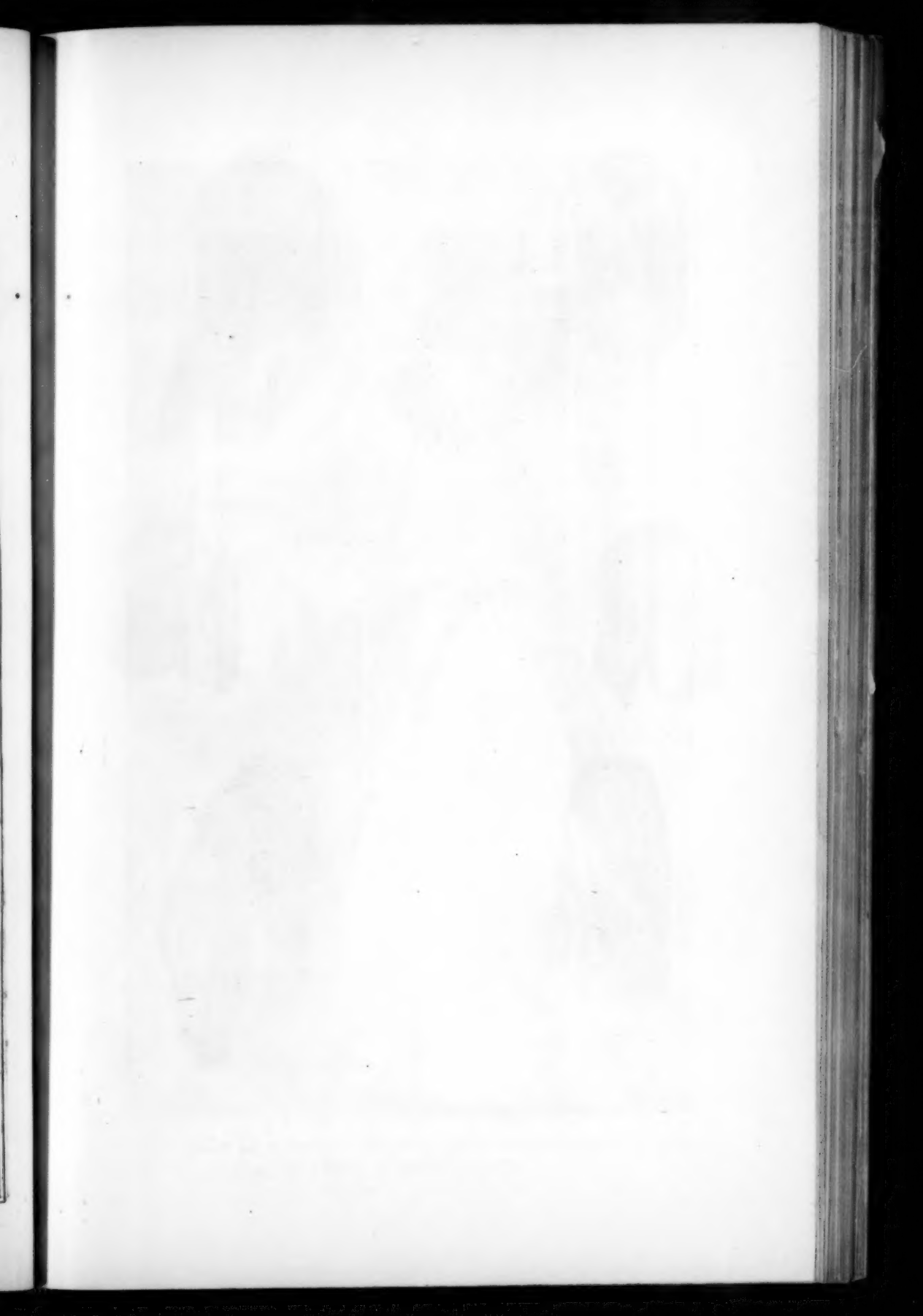


4253

Back View.

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"She stood leaning against a window," but not seeing the beauty that lay stretched before her."—Page 100.



# ARTHUR'S

## ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIV.

FEBRUARY, 1876.

No. 2.

### History, Biography and General Literature.



THE TIBER: MOUNT AVENTINE IN THE DISTANCE.

#### THE TIBER.

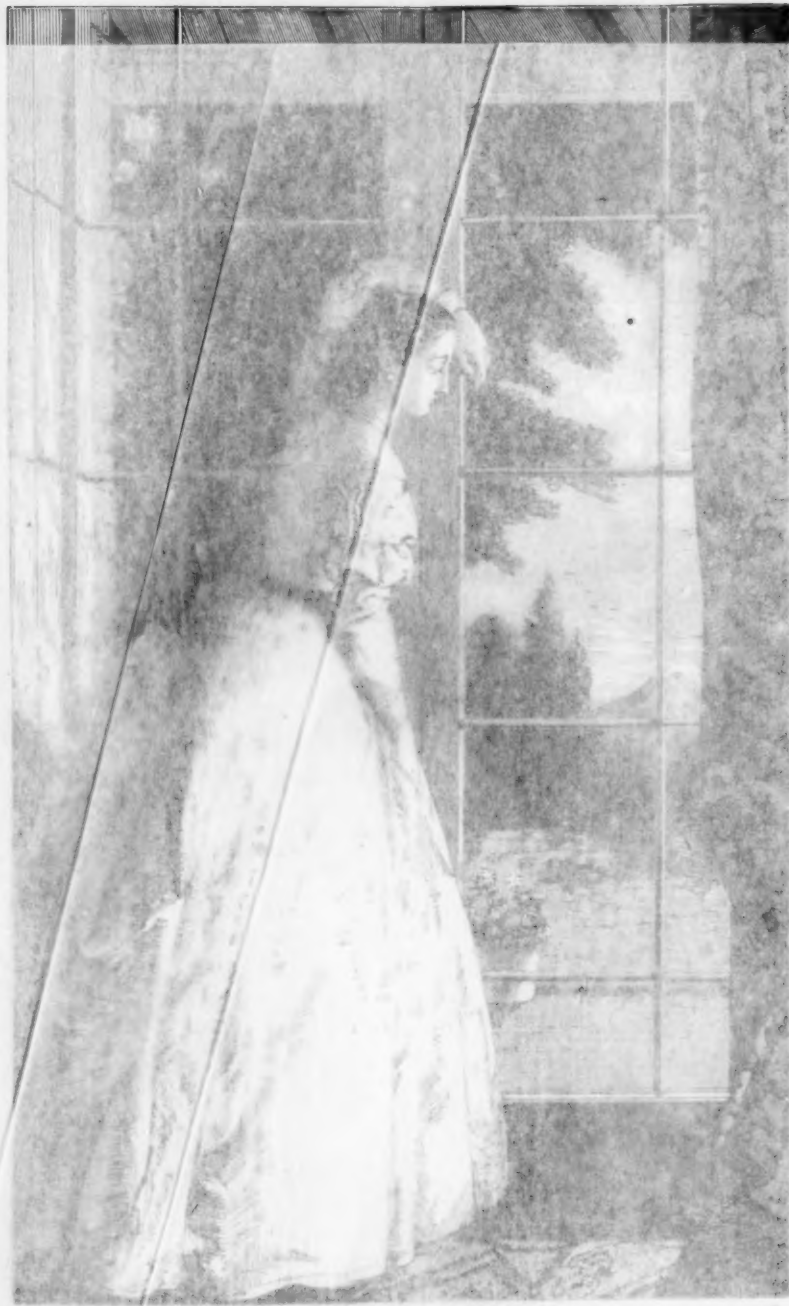
BY MARION KNIGHT.

THE Tiber takes its rise amid the bold heights and beautiful-green slopes of the Apennines, above Aretium and to the eastward of Florence. Flowing in a southerly direction, past Perugia, it pursues a course of nearly one hundred and fifty miles; receives the waters of more than fifty tributary streams; divides Rome into two equal parts, going out of the city much dirtier than it went in; crosses the Campagna between Rome and the sea; and at last pours its yellow and into the Mediterranean.

Virgil is the only author who bestows the epithet of "Cerulean," upon the waters of the Tiber; it calls is explained as not referring so much to the color of the stream, as to its God-like or majestic character. Horace calls it *Flavum Tiberim*, "The Yellow Tiber." A traveller remarks with regard to this epithet of the Tiber: "Yellow is an exceedingly un-descriptive translation of that swart color, that mixture of red, brown, gray and yellow, which should answer to *Flavus* here."

The ancient Romans deified this stream, and some authorities referred to it as being married to the mother of Romulus and Remus. Horace has direct reference to this when he says, in Book I., Ode II., "While the god of the stream (the Tiber),

lending the ready ear to the wishes of his spouse, Ias Silvia, or Ila, proudly shows himself an interposing stranger to the complaining Ila." Ennius makes her to have been cast into the Tiber, previous to which she had become the bride of the Anio, another river of Italy and a tributary of the Tiber. Horace, on the contrary, speaks of her as having married the god of the Tiber, which he here designates as *Flavus Anis*. Servius alludes to this fable, as adapted by Horace and others. Apollon, also, in his *Scholia* on the present passage, speaks of Ila as having married the god of the Tiber. According to the account which he gives, Ila was buried on the banks of the Anio, and the river, having overflowed its borders, carried her remains down to the Tiber; hence she was said to have espoused the deity of the last-mentioned stream. This second ode of Horace is specially concerned with the Tiber. Octavianus assumed the new title of Augustus on the 17th of January, A. D. 727. On the following night Rome was visited by a severe tempest and an inundation of the Tiber. The poet, regarding the visitation as a mark of Jove's displeasure, proceeds to inquire on what deity they are to call for assistance. Who is to free the Romans from the pollution occasioned by their civil strife? *Jove non probante*, that is, Jove did not approve that the Tiber should undertake to avenge



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the death of Caesar, the descendant of Ilia—a task which he had reserved for Augustus.

The river is said to have been originally called Albula, from the whiteness of its waters, and afterward Tiberis, when Tiberinus, King of Abba, had been drowned in it. But other authorities claim that Albula was the Latin name, and Tiberis or Tibris the Tuscan one. The Greeks called the stream Thymbris; and Varro informs us that a prince of the Veientes, named Dehebris, gave his name to the stream, which name was afterward corrupted into Tiberis and Tibris. The river has also been called *Tyrrhenus Amnis*, "The Tuscan River," from its waters entering Etruria on one side of its course; and also *Lydius*, "The Lydian" stream, since popular tradition traced the arts and civilization of Etruria to Lydia, in Asia Minor.

The Tiber was capable of receiving small boats

decorated with fine works of art. It has also a library of rare manuscripts. The era of the foundation of this city long preceded that of Rome, and is altogether lost in the mists of antiquity. It has played an important part in Roman history, both as a successful resistant of the Roman arms, and afterward as a powerful ally.

Rome is situated upon both sides of the Tiber, about sixteen miles from its mouth. It was originally built upon seven hills, around which stretches a broad, flat country, called the Campagna. Now the seven hills are almost entirely uninhabited, the Aventine, overlooking the Tiber, having upon it only two monastic establishments. The Aventine is the largest of the seven hills of Rome. It was divided from the Palatine by the valley of the *Circus Maximus*, and around its northern base flows the Tiber. This hill is said



ROMAN HIGHWAY ON THE BANKS OF THE TIBER.

to within a short distance of its source, and vessels of considerable burden at Rome.

Upon its banks the city of Rome was built, and its valley was the cradle of Roman civilization, which for long centuries was confined almost along its borders. In the days of the empire, when the dominion of Rome had become world-wide, the Tiber saw the highest evidences of not only the civilization, but the power and wealth of the Roman people. The remains of ancient Roman highways, along its banks, still, after these many centuries, in a wonderful state of preservation, show how efficient were the mechanical labors of that great nation.

Perugia, the town of the greatest importance, next to Rome, upon the banks of the Tiber, is situated in mid-Italy, with a background of hills and mountains, and a fertile farming country stretched away to the southward. It has a population of about twenty thousand, contains one hundred churches and a fine cathedral, all more or less

to have derived its name from Aventinus, an ancient king of Alba, who was here buried. Here Remus took his station, when watching for an omen, in his competition with Romulus for the crown; and here he is said to have been buried. The Aventine is said to be a place of evil omen. It has two distinct summits; and near the base of the more southern of its heights are the gigantic ruins of the baths of Caracalla.

The wall of Servius Tullius inclosed the seven hills, and struck the Tiber near the island. There are the remains of seven ancient bridges across the river. The *Ponti St. Angelo*, formerly *Pons Ælius*, built by Hadrian; *Sisto*, formerly *Janicolensis*; *Quattro Capi*, formerly *Fabrizius*, connecting the island with the city; *S. Bartolomeo*, formerly *Cestius*; and *P. Rotto*, formerly *Palatinus*, of which a part only remains, the damage being repaired by a suspension bridge, the work of Pío IX., are the only ones still in use. The *Sublucius*, made immortal by Horatius Cocles, and the first



built across the Tiber, and the *Triumphatis*, which led to the Temple of Jupiter Vaticanus, are in ruins, only the remains of their piers being left.

Many traces of the ancient grandeur of Rome will be found upon the banks of the Tiber. On its island is the Convent of St. Bartolomeo, in the gardens of which are columns and fragments of the Temple of Esculapius; and from the Ponte Rotto may be seen a fragment of the Travertine bulwark of the ship, into which the island was shaped, when it was dedicated to the God of Physic.

As an illustration, I was dining with a friend the other day, when my host quite electrified me by suddenly pointing to a small side-table with carved spindle legs and a mottled marble top, saying: "That was in our family before the Revolution. During the war, our homestead, within the city limits of Philadelphia, fell at one time into the hands of the enemy, and was occupied by King George's troops. I suppose there is no doubt that both British and American military dispatches have been written on that modest-looking table."



THE TIBER AT PERUGIA.

From Rome the Tiber takes its course through the low, flat, marshy country, until it reaches the sea. Rome itself is but twenty feet above sea level, and inundations by the Tiber, like that signalized by Horace, are not unknown in modern times.

### THESE THREE—THE KING, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND LAFAYETTE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

IT is curious—the way we run against people and things in this world! Dickens used to assert, in his inimitable way, that our planet was not half so large, nor the people in it half so many, as we supposed. "Persons whom we had once met were always turning up again in the most unexpected times and places!"

Of course I regarded it with a new interest after that. The marble itself was in such good preservation that it might have come that very morning from a Broadway upholsterer's.

I mentally adjured that table to speak and tell me some of the scenes which were going on around it a hundred years ago. But of course it kept all its tantalizing secrets close as those Egyptian mummies which explorers exhume and interrogate with a kind of pathetic wonder and curiosity.

People are affecting just now a fervid interest in old things. Bits of ancient porcelain, clumsy pieces of furniture, quaint old household ornaments, are being dragged out from the dust and darkness of closets and garret corners, where they have been hidden for scores of years, rehabilitated by upholsterer and china-surgeon, and assigned

the most honorable places in drawing-rooms and guest-chambers.

We are willing to sacrifice aesthetics for ancient and patriotic associations. Is this sudden fashion partly owing, I have asked myself, to the coming Centennial? Do some people in our vast population really recall that heroic struggle of the nation's fathers and mothers a hundred years ago, and remember that this noisy, scrambling decade of ours was, in the last century, the most glorious in American history?

There is one event in the course of this history which stands out with profound significance and immense dramatic power. It did not take place on our own soil. Every school-boy understands something of its main features; but the glance of the student of history can alone sweep the wide circle of contemporaneous events, and have his imagination and thought fired by the political bearings and moral sublimity of the scene.

Whoever shall live to see the 18th of March, 1878, will be living just a hundred years from the day when the American envoy, Benjamin Franklin and his two colleagues, Arthur Lee and Silas Deane, were received in solemn audience at the palace of Versailles. A burst of prolonged applause shook the mighty palace as the simple Republican envoys passed beneath its turrets.

No wonder! A new hour struck then on the clock of the ages. The world had never witnessed a scene like that, when the representatives of the young nation far across the seas, now in the third year of her long struggle for freedom, entered the presence of the heir of the Bourbons, and stood before the throne of the monarch, over against which lay dark and waiting the shadow of the scaffold!

The court was all there—that gay, splendid French Court of the Ancient Regime, the most elegant in Europe, and which set the fashions for the world.

What an imposing scene it must have been when all that magnificent company of nobles and courtiers, gallant men and lovely women, in their blaze of jewelry and splendid dress, turned to gaze at the simply-attired triad of Americans as they entered the presence-chamber.

There was everything in the time and occasion to impress the sensitive imagination of the French people. Outside, the great heart of the nation was with the foreigners; and the haughty nobility, however little they might be willing to apply to their own order and privileges the political creed of the Americans, had assembled full of eager curiosity and generous sympathy to witness this audience.

The young Republic had sent to the French court Benjamin Franklin, the most illustrious of her citizens after Washington. He had not left his native shores until that glorious monument, THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, which he had assisted in framing, had been given to the world. And his whole antecedents and character were those most calculated to impress the French people. He had sprung from the working classes. By his own energy, perseverance and indomitable will, he had educated himself. His fondness for

the Natural Sciences amounted to a passion, and his bold, keen researches in that department at once procured him the heartiest of welcomes among the renowned physicists of that age. Nothing could exceed the simplicity of the great American's manners and costume, which only made him the object of keener curiosity and interest, while his rare, acute, well-balanced mind, with its native graceful wit and keen penetration, captivated the France of the eighteenth century. Her philosophers, her scholars, her great men in all ranks, flocked about him. They saw in the quiet, simple-mannered, great-souled and great-brained American that model man of antiquity which had been the dream of poor Rousseau and his school. In short, Benjamin Franklin, who had long ago devoured his penny roll as he paced the streets, a poor, hungry, friendless printer's boy, without rank, wealth or honors, won the heart of the French nation. He seemed to carry everything by storm, if that expression could convey the effect of his quiet, simple address and presence. "He was in a few days as popular at Paris as at Boston or Philadelphia."

The public, the savants, the philosophers, the nobility, were all swept away by the torrent. Benjamin Franklin had happily one of those mental organizations which no dazzling popularity, no public ovations could move from its equable poise.

Since the arrival of the American envoys, the great problem had been whether they would be received at court. The question was a grave one. Vast political issues hung upon it. Every influence was brought to bear on the descendant of Louis XIV. All the nobles, even the innermost circle of the queen, whose frivolity, extravagance and giddiness were leading Marie Antoinette, the young Austrian wife of the king, on that flowery way which was to prove for her the dance of death, united their entreaties to the general voice.

The king, the queen, the ministers, resisted for awhile; the former on account of their monarchical instincts, and the latter from reasons of State. They feared to recognize the political creed which the Americans represented, and which offered such contrasts to their own.

But the general voice triumphed. Louis yielded. He always did at the last. But he never knew how to do it gracefully. And so, on that night of the 18th of March, 1778, the first minister of the new nation across the seas, and the last monarch of ancient France, were face to face—the printer's boy and the heir of the Bourbons—Benjamin Franklin and Louis XVI. Think of it!

The great American probably perceived more clearly than anybody around him all the tremendous issues for his country, for the world, which hung upon this audience; but it could in nowise move the calm serenity of that well-balanced character.

It is likely that Franklin's first keen, penetrating glance read the man behind the monarch, and found him wanting. What was a long line of royal descent? what was an anointed king, with his train of courtiers? what was throne, or crown, or sceptre, to one who had helped to pronounce

those immortal words which were to shake the world, and which, it seemed, might make the bones of anointed kings rattle in their graves? "*All men are created free and equal. They are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights. Among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.*" Oh, shade of Charles V. and Louis XIV.!

The monarch was no reader of men. A character such as Franklin's must have been utterly incomprehensible to a mind like that of Louis XVI. He had an instinctive dislike to the philosophers and reformers who were making such a noise throughout his kingdom. He bore them an inveterate grudge, the depth of which he perhaps himself hardly suspected. Yet his instinct was unerring; he could feel, if the brain under the royal lilies had not force and keenness enough to reason; and he knew that the new ideas and sentiments of the age attacked the foundations and buttresses of his throne—that throne which Henry IV. had made so glorious with his victories, and on which Louis XIV. had shed the factitious splendor of his long reign.

The monarch was uneasy at something in the air at this time. He did not understand the late innovations and changes in the ideas and habits of men. He did not suspect (how could he?) that the whisper in the air, the faint rumbling underground, was the first sound of the coming earthquake in which his throne and kingdom were to go down, and that his own crowned head, and that of the wife they had brought him in her fair, foolish girlhood from Austria, would fall on the scaffold.

"The thunder-clouds had already commenced to gather around the turrets of Versailles." But beneath them the pomp and splendor, the grace and gaiety of the old French court-life went on as it had been going on under the last two Bourbons, while fresh sums were wrung from the exhausted treasury, and heavier burdens of taxes were heaped upon the peasantry, and the nation plunged swifter toward bankruptcy. And that great day of reckoning came at last for the Bourbons—the day of the REVOLUTION!

At the time when Benjamin Franklin was presented at court, Louis XVI. was twenty-four years old, and had worn his grandfather's crown about four. There was nothing of the Bourbon majesty and grace about the young king. The lilies of France shone over the most commonplace features; his whole bearing was shy and awkward; there was none of that command in gesture and carriage; none of that quiet power of presence in the young monarch which had distinguished his two predecessors. His air was timid, his speech hesitating and embarrassed, his mien ungraceful, and his figure clumsy and obese. His understanding was narrow and bigoted; and a cruel fate had made the young man a king when "nature had given him the faculties of a skilful and up-right mechanic."

Yet, so honest and conscientious a Bourbon never set crown on his head as he who was doomed to pay so heavy a price for the crimes of his ancestors.

Louis XVI. sincerely desired in his narrow brain and his honest, kindly heart the good of his people. He had come to the throne, it is true, full of the prejudices of his race, exaggerated by the faults of his education. He believed in the divine right of kings, and in that absolution which was the chief article of the political creed of the Bourbons.

Had not his old grandfather, closing a miserable royal career of shame and vileness, managed to stammer out, with the death-rattle in his throat, "that he owed an account of his conduct to God alone?"

Louis XVI. was not in advance of his race in ideas. These were always narrow, trivial and commonplace; but under all his faults and weaknesses beat a heart which loved right and truth. He was not a favorite with his courtiers. How could he be with the gay, accomplished cavaliers and high-born dames who surrounded his throne?

Everybody had rejoiced when his grandfather breathed his last. Still, the advent of the grandson had been looked forward to with little hope or anticipation. Poor Louis had neither tact nor decision.

While at Paris he had been asked what surname he preferred. "I would like," he replied, "to be called Louis the Severe."

That was not a discreet reply, but after all it did Louis credit.

It is a touching fact, too, that the young monarch took a singular interest in the fate of Charles I. The English king had laid his head on the scaffold more than a hundred years before Louis XVI. ascended the throne. Yet the fate of the beheaded Stuart exercised a kind of fascination over the Bourbon who was to meet a similar one.

Indeed, there is something half pathetic, half comic, in almost every event of the life of Louis XVI. until those last days around which gather the black clouds of the great tragedy where his life went down.

He used to wear potato-blossoms—think of the humble flower lying there amongst the embroidered golden lilies!—because the vegetable had recently been introduced into France, and he wished to encourage its propagation throughout the provinces.

He was always trying, like most weak natures, to convince himself that his firmness was immutable—he who was invariably obstinate at the wrong time, who yielded at the moment when resolution was his only safety, who was at heart the most irresolute of men.

Louis XVI. was always unfortunate, too, in his choice of ministers and councillors. A cruel fate pursued him here as in everything else. He made a terrible mistake at the commencement of his reign when he yielded to the advice of his Aunt Adelaide, who exercised a large influence over her young nephew, and induced him to appoint the shrewd, crafty, unprincipled Maurepas as his prime minister. The old statesman was at that time seventy-three years old; but he lived long afterward, and managed to maintain to the end of his days a great ascendancy over the young monarch; and his influence was fatal to Louis.

The dismissal of Turgot, the comptroller-general, was another fatal mistake on the young monarch's part. If any man could have saved the France of the eighteenth century from the abyss toward which the madness of her rulers was urging her, that man was the large-souled, true-hearted patriot and statesman Turgot.

For a little while he and Louis worked together. The noble sentiments, the benevolent and wide-reaching plans for the relief of the people, the faith and enthusiasm of Turgot, seem to have for awhile impressed and more or less communicated themselves to the monarch. But this could not last. The narrow, dull nature, bound up in routine, cramped with notions of absolute sovereignty, could not expand itself under that benign influence.

It is likely that Louis's monarchical instincts took the alarm in the first place. He became suspicious of the ground on which he was treading. Whither would these innovations, so contrary to the genius of the two kings who had preceded him, lead?

The monarch's feeble mind wavered. Maurepas, his evil genius, grown fiercely jealous of Turgot, was at hand to insinuate suspicion and falsehood. Intrigue and malignity triumphed. Turgot fell; and with him the fall of ancient France was assured.\*

Benjamin Franklin and Louis Bourbon! What a conjunction that night in the presence-chamber of Versailles! I think history has few more striking tableaux than that plain old man and that young monarch. The ancient lilies of France and the stars of the new-born Republic across the sea typified in that meeting!

Franklin discerned what it all meant a great deal better than Louis. What thoughts went on in the wise, calm brain of the old man; in the narrow, feeble mind of the young monarch, as the two looked at each other amid the lights and the splendor of Versailles that spring night!

And not very far down the years something was waiting for both; for the old man an honored grave in the beloved land which owed its liberties so largely to his services; for the young monarch the guillotine and the shouts of the mad multitude laying on his head the curses and the wrongs of ages! Poor Louis! He had to pay a heavy debt for the sins of his fathers.

The only great Bourbon who ever sat on the throne of France fell by the hand of an assassin—the only good one, with all his weakness of mind and character, laid his head on a scaffold.

Marie Antoinette must have been present at that audience, too, wearing with her young bloom and sovereign grace the lilies of France. Was she

ever haunted in those happy, gorgeous first years of her reign, not like her royal husband, with visions of Charles I., but of a queen who had set on the transcendent loveliness of her young brow those royal lilies, and worn them, mingled with her native Scotch thistles, with such sovereign grace and beauty, and years later had laid that same head down on an English scaffold to die?

Did the daughter of Maria Theresa ever think of Mary Stuart and her fate, one wonders, as she wandered amid the gardens of Versailles or the galleries of the Tuilleries?

It is not likely she did at the time when Franklin had his audience at court; she was going, in gay, thoughtless triumph, her own way then; but later she may have remembered Mary Stuart, when she heard the populace calling her the Austrian woman through the streets of Paris, and coupling the name with howls and curses.

When Franklin and his colleagues left the French court they repaired at once to the palace where the wife of a young nobleman was prepared to receive in state the envoys from America. Her young husband was not by her side to welcome the foreigners under his palace roof. He was far across the seas, sharing with his beloved Washington the hardships and struggles of that long war, and his name was the Marquis Lafayette.

Every child knows the story, and yet, often as we have heard it, it comes to us still with the charm and fascination of a romance.

It was less than a year before the audience at Versailles that Lafayette had landed in South America, and soon afterward presented himself in camp to the commander of the American army. What must have been Washington's feelings as he looked upon the brave, heroic, young French nobleman, who had left all the allurements of his splendid home and the young wife whom he adored, and crossed the seas to offer his service and his sword to a strange people for the sake of that liberty so dear to his heart?

One never wonders at the strength of the attachment which existed between Washington and Lafayette. Death alone could sever the bond between that illustrious pair.

The time which they met was in one of the darkest crises of American affairs, and the appearance of the great nobleman on the stage, and his heroic ardor in the national cause, must have given a new impulse of courage to the calm patience and sublime perseverance of Washington.

At the time when Franklin presented himself at the French court, the aspect of American affairs had greatly changed. In the previous October, when the forests and mountains of the northern Hudson were glowing with the gold and maroons of a western autumn, the great army of Burgoyne, hemmed in and decimated, had at last surrendered. It was this fact, probably, which finally decided the audience of the American plenipotentiaries at Versailles.

When, the next year, the young marquis returned to his home and resumed his place in the army, neither king nor ministers had the will nor even the power to punish a disobedience which made the nobleman the idol of the nation. Louis

\* Turgot took his fall from his high post with that equanimity characteristic of his large, serene soul. But when he, the noblest man in the court of Louis XVI., learned that the monstrous taxes under which the French peasantry groaned, and which his exertions had more or less removed, were to be reimposed with the change in the government which his fall portended, the great statesman shed tears, which his own fall had not wrung from him, and which were an honor to his heart.



was friendly, and Marie Antoinette, impetuous and vivacious, was carried away by the general enthusiasm; the courage and heroism of Lafayette touched the heart and the imagination of the daughter of Maria Theresa.

The great Frenchman who is so glorious a figure in the early history of our native land, remained true to the convictions of his youth through his long and tumultuous life. What Lafayette was when, on the threshold of manhood, he landed, burning with ardor, on the coast of South Carolina and pledged his services to Washington in the cause of American freedom, in 1777, he was in 1834, when, an old man, he laid down, after a career full of political changes of most trying and tragic contrasts, to die.

But this, at least, could be said of him, he had always been true to the pole-star that guided his youth. He may have made mistakes as to the means and paths by which he sought to attain the end, but that was always the same, whether in the courts of Versailles or the prisons of Austria; whether watching the fall of the Bastille amid the frantic joy of the people, or standing the idol and receiving the acclamations of the vast crowds gathered to welcome him on the shores of that new world whose liberties he had so gloriously helped to win.

So far as one man could, Lafayette redeemed the national reputation from the charge of frivolity and inconstancy so often brought against the French; he witnessed the fall of the Bourbons; he passed through the red fire of the Revolution; he saw the splendid star of Napoleon in the closing of the last and the dawn of the new century, he saw it mount to the zenith, and beheld its swift fall until it sank below the horizon in the gloom of St. Helena; he witnessed the return of the Bourbons to the throne they had dishonored, no wiser and no better than when the vengeance of centuries hurled them off it; he lived to see them supplanted once more, and witnessed the rising of the Orleans branch to sovereign power; yet in all these changes of dynasty, alike in glory and defeat, in prosperity and suffering, Lafayette remained true to the ideal of his youth, the *emancipation of his race, the happiness of humanity*.

I write this article in the shadow of the beautiful mountain in New Hampshire which bears the name of the great Frenchman. The morning mists wrap their gray gauzes round its summit, and it stands transfigured in loveliness, as though it were the gateway to the lost Eden in the purple atmospheres of summer sunsets. Yet whether the winter storms beat upon it, or the summer crowns it with the lovely deep greens of her northern foliage, the mountain stands there serene, eternal as the immortal principles of him whose name it fitly bears.

Every year, in the summer solstice, thousands of people come up to wander among its cool shadows and breathe the balsam of its pines.

Some years ago an old, white-haired gentleman, on the borders of his eightieth birthday, came, for a little while, among the mountains. The old man's mind was as alert and his memory seemed unclouded as in his youth. He had passed much

of his life in France, where his business interests had made it necessary for him to reside.

The American citizen had lived under three French dynasties, the Bourbons, the Orleans, the Bonaparte. He had passed through some great political crises there, and had been thrown into more or less intimate personal relations with Lafayette. The old gentleman had often discussed the future of France with his illustrious friend; he assured me that Lafayette's hope for his native land never wavered; in her darkest hours, in his own cruellest disappointments and trials, he still clung to his faith, and Lafayette died as he had lived, believing that the only true government for France was—A REPUBLIC!

### "WAIT A WEE AND DINNA WEARY."

BY KATHARINE H. GREENE.

"WAIT a wee and dinna weary,"

Though the hours be sad and long,  
Though the days be dark and dreary,

Suffer calmly and be strong;  
Though the night be dim and starless,  
Overcast by clouds so gray,

"Wait a wee"—the hour is darkest  
Just before the "break of day."

"Wait a wee and dinna weary,"

Though the rain-drops sadly fall,  
Though the days be dark and dreary,  
God's broad love is over all.

Through the rifts of heaven's blue curtain  
Shining stars send down their rays;

"God will give His angels charges—  
Keeping thee in all thy ways."

"Wait a wee and dinna weary,"

Be thou patient all thy life;  
Though the days be dark and dreary,  
Though all bitter be the strife,  
Though thy heart be pierced by sorrow,  
Though thy soul be bowed by grief—

"Wait a wee"—God's love will crown thee—  
"Dinna weary"—life is brief.

"Wait a wee and dinna weary"—

Hard it is, I know, to stand,  
When the days are dark and dreary,  
Waiting blessings from God's hand.  
Oh, believe, thou unbeliever,  
That each grief that on thee lies,  
May prove in the unveiled future  
But "a blessing in disguise."

"Wait a wee and dinna weary,"

Put thy trust in Him above;  
Though the days be dark and dreary,  
Nobly, firmly onward move.

And when thou hast crossed the river,  
Rippling 'gainst the Golden Shore,  
Thou wilt nevermore be weary—

"Wait a wee"—ah, nevermore!

CATCH not too soon at an offence, nor give too easy way to anger; the one shows a weak judgment, the other a perverse nature.

### TEMPLE OF JUPITER AT ÆGINA.

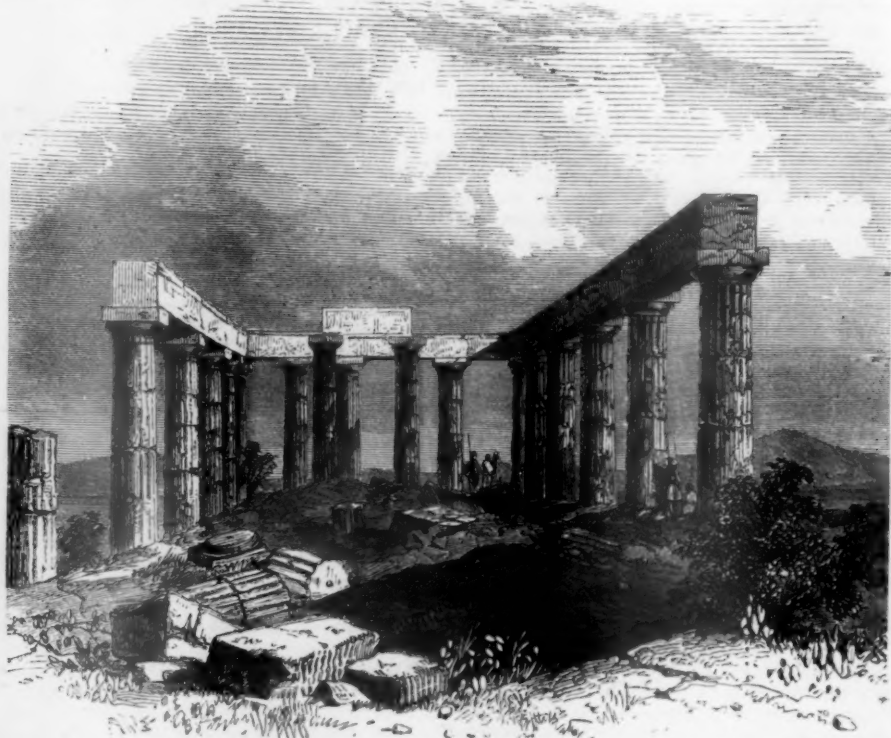
**I**N the Saronic Gulf, on the eastern coast of Greece, is found an island of small extent, which has played a not unimportant part in the history of the world. It is the Island of Ægina, which lies a little west of south from Athens, and south-east of Corinth.

Mythology tells us that Jupiter, under the form of an eagle, carried away Ægina, the daughter of Asopus, from Philius to the Island of Ænone. She gave her name to the island. Fable further assures us that the island was peopled by ants, which Jupiter changed into men, in order to gratify Æacus. The island was mountainous, and more or less sterile, so that its inhabitants were

to its capture by Athens, the island took active part, it especially distinguished itself. It was a rendezvous for pirates and slave-traders; and was, moreover, a safe harbor for insolvent debtors and criminals of all sorts who escaped from Athens.

That the days of its prosperity date very far back in the remote past, may be known from the fact that Sulpicius, the friend of Cicero, in one of his letters, speaks of Ægina as a monument of departed greatness.

The island is at the present time beautiful, fertile and well-cultivated, but the day of its greatness is past forever. There are still ruins of its ancient temples, some of them of almost unparalleled magnificence and beauty. The most re-



early driven to maritime pursuits for a livelihood. They soon acquired eminence and power, and, though their island was of small extent, they soon became a noted and prosperous people. Tradition says they were the first people who coined money for the purposes of commerce, and used regular measures. Be that as it may, Æginan coins of a very early date are still extant, of silver, with a sea-tortoise on the obverse. Emigrants from Crete early settled in the island; but the Dorians gradually gained the ascendancy, and the language and form of government became eventually Doric. It was at one time a maritime rival of Athens; but in 480, B. C., that State took possession of it, and expelled or subjugated the inhabitants. In the many wars which, during the centuries previous

markable of these is that of Jupiter Panhellenius, or Zeus Panhellenius. This temple was in ruins at the time of Cicero. It was undoubtedly one of the most ancient of Grecian temples, and one of the oldest specimens of the Doric style of architecture. It is a most picturesque and interesting ruin. More than sixty years ago a company of English and German savants visited this temple, and cleared away the rubbish which surrounded its base. After the labor of twenty days, they were rewarded by the discovery of sixteen statues of an early type of Greek art. These statues were taken to Munich, and restored by Thorwaldsen. They were supposed to represent the struggles of Ajax, one of the Æacidae, the local heroic family of Ægina, to save the body of Achilles from the Trojans.



ELSIE.

**E**LSIE looks so sober now,  
Thought seems written on her brow;  
In her eye the laugh is hid,  
'Neath the corner of the lid.

Elsie, why so serious grown?  
Vain we list your mocking tone.  
What a weight of care has come,  
Thus to make our Elsie dumb?

On her bosom lies a rose;  
Silken petals fast inclose  
Blushing heart, while blushing cheek  
Tells what lips refuse to speak.

In her heart's recesses spying,  
Is the little maiden trying  
To decide which she shall choose—  
Love to give or love refuse?

Is she striving to foresee  
What her future life will be?  
Is she seeking to discover  
Whether true will prove her lover?

Roses bloom, and roses fade;  
Pines and sorrows many a maid;  
Life is best whilst youth is here;  
Yet youth brings love, and love brings fear.

Smile then, Elsie, while you may;  
Roses wither in a day!  
Smile then, in these golden years,  
Ere your smiles shall turn to tears.

## EXPERIENCES OF A WHITSTABLE DIVER.\*

IN July, 1871, I had the pleasure of an interview with Mr. W. Wood, of Herne Bay, who, after having followed the business of a diver for upwards of twenty-two years, has retired after a long and active service. The stories Mr. Wood told me were so interesting that I obtained his permission to publish them.

Mr. Wood made his first real start in life by an extraordinary, and, as it turned out, a very lucky, piece of diving. If the reader will look at the map of Ireland, he will see that outside Belfast Lough, and a little to the south-west, opposite Donaghadee, are situated the Copeland Islands. It so happened that a Whitstable man was a coast-guardsmen in this district. He heard a legend that a ship laden with a heavy cargo of silver had been wrecked off the Copeland Islands some half a century ago. He, therefore, communicated with some of his friends at Whitstable who were divers. Accordingly, Mr. Wood and four others put their diving-dresses on board a vessel, and sailed from Whitstable to Donaghadee.

The story they heard when they got to their destination was, that the wrecked vessel was in the slave trade, and that she had on board a large number of slaves when she struck on the rocks, and also a considerable sum of money in the form of silver dollars. Nothing would have been known of the wreck having taken place, had not somebody discovered human legs projecting above the surface of the water. It appears that the people on board the ship had tried to escape, having first filled their shirt-sleeves with dollars; but in getting up the rocks many of them had fallen back and met with an untimely end, as the weight of the dollars had kept their heads under water. No one had ever disturbed the wreck since the vessel went down, so Mr. Wood and his friends set to work to find out where she was.

They put on their diving-dresses, and for two or three days walked about to and fro at the bottom of the sea in about forty feet of water searching for the treasure. This they did by clearing away the weeds and turning over the stones with crowbars, and feeling for the dollars with their hands, as the water was too thick to see. The wood part of the wreck itself had entirely perished through lapse of time and the ravages of sea-worms. After a long and careful search at last they came upon the dollars; they were mostly spread about among the stones, but many had slipped down among a heap of iron ore which had formed the ballast of the ship. Many of the dollars were worn thin by the action of the water. Some were lying separate, others in great lumps, like rocks, soldered together by iron. In some cases certainly this iron had once been handcuffs used for the slaves. Some days the divers got two hundred dollars, sometimes three hundred, sometimes a thousand; the best day they got five thousand, *i. e.*, one thousand pounds. In all, the number of dollars they got up from the wreck was about twenty-five thousand, which, when

reduced to English pounds, equals five thousand pounds.

When the dollars were in the sand they took down sieves and wooden corn shovels, and riddled them out at the bottom of the sea.

Mr. Wood showed me one of the dollars, which he always carries about with him. The following is the inscription:—On one side, "Carolus iij. Dei Gratia. 1797. Hispan et Ind Rex M 8 R. FM." The coin is about the size of an old five-shilling piece. The "Divers' Arms," near the clock-tower at Herne Bay, of which Mr. Wood is proprietor, owes its existence to the discovery of these dollars.

When hunting among the wreck for the dollars, Mr. Wood had some curious under-water adventures. One of the divers complained that he was annoyed by a lobster, and couldn't work. Mr. Wood learned the whereabouts of the lobster, and went down after him. He soon discovered Mr. Lobster sitting under a rock, looking as savage as a lobster can look. His feelers were pointed well forward, and he held out his two great claws wide open in a threatening attitude. Wood, knowing the habits of lobsters, offered this fellow his crowbar, which he immediately nipped with his claws. Then, watching his opportunity, he passed his signal-line over the lobster's tail, made it fast, and signalled to the men above to "haul away." This they did, and instantly away went Mr. Lobster flying up through the water into the air above, with his claws still expanded, and as scared as a lobster could be.

A great conger-eel also paid the divers a visit. He was an immense fellow, and kept swimming round Wood, but would not come near him. Wood was afraid of his hand being bitten, as a conger's bite is very bad. He once knew a diver whose finger was seized by a conger. The brute took all the flesh clean off the man's finger. A conger is a very dangerous animal to a man when diving in the water. However, this conger kept swimming round about Wood, so he took his clasp knife out and tried to stab him, but the conger would not come near enough to be "knifed." It was a long while before the conger would go away, and even after he had gone away Wood could not go on working because he was not sure that the brute was really gone for good, and he might have come out of some corner at any minute and nipped his fingers.

Mr. Wood has had other adventures with fish when working under water. He was once employed in fixing some heavy stones in the harbor at Dover; while waiting for the stones to come down from the ship above, he sat down on a rock, and being quite quiet, a shoal of whiting-pout came up to examine the strange visitor to their subaqueous residence; they played all about him, and kept on biting at the thick glass which formed the eyes of his diving helmet; so next time Wood went down, he took with him a fish-hook fastened to the end of a short stick—a gaff, in fact. The pouts came round him as usual, and he gaffed them one after another with his hook. He then strung them on a string, and came up after his day's work was over with a goodly fry of whiting-pouts for his supper.

\* From the Log-Book of a Fisherman and Zoologist. By Frank Buckland, M.A. London: Chapman & Hall.



On another occasion Wood was employed to bring up some pigs of lead from the hold of a vessel. When he was walking about on the top of the lead, he felt something alive under his feet. It kicked tremendously, but he knelt down upon it to keep it steady; he soon ascertained that it was an enormous skate that he was standing on, so he served him as he did the lobster. He watched his opportunity and slipped the noose of his line round the skate's tail; he then signalled to "haul away," and up went Master Skate, flapping his great wings like a wounded eagle; and mightily astonished were the people in the boat when they found a monster skate on the end of the line, and not a pig of lead.

Wood once nearly lost his life when at the bottom of the sea. A Prussian vessel had gone down off the Mouse Buoy in the Thames estuary. The captain was drowned in his cabin, and Wood had undertaken to get him out if he possibly could. Arriving at the bottom of the sea, he found the vessel lying over on her side, and that she had gone down with all her sails set. He tried to get into the cabin, but found the mainsail blocking the cabin door. He was just about to return when he found that his air-pipe and signal-line had suddenly got jammed. Fully aware of his very dangerous position, and without losing his presence of mind, he sat quietly on the edge of the vessel and considered. The men above, he could find, were signalling violently to him to come up, but he could not answer, as the line was jammed. He took out his pocket-knife, and thought two or three times of cutting himself adrift. As a last chance, he determined to adopt another course, and climbed up the rigging, among the great wet sails and loose ropes, as well as he could, and fortunately found the place where his air-pipe was hitched. He carefully loosened it, gave the signal, and was hauled up immediately. If I understand aright, the line was clear enough when he went down, but while he was at work on the sunken ship, the tide changed, and his pipe and line, being carried in the opposite direction to that in which they had been originally conducted, became jammed. He did not get to the surface one instant too soon, for the boat was just drifting, as her anchors would not hold.

Wood told me he once found a "sea snake" drifted ashore near his public-house at Herne Bay. A showman declared it was a boa-constrictor, but a very big one. The snake had probably died in some ship "from foreign" coming up the channel, and had been thrown overboard.

Wood, also, one day came across a live tame goose swimming all by himself off the Pan Sands, a considerable distance out at sea from Herne Bay; he caught the old goose, and he and his wife cooked it for dinner. This goose had also probably escaped overboard from some ship.

At a very low tide at Herne Bay, Mr. Wood discovered a fossil elephant's tusk, nearly perfect, sticking out of the mud. He had not time to take it all out before the tide came up; but still he got a large piece of it. This curious fossil ivory is now in my museum at South Kensington.

I am sorry to say that since the above was

written, poor Mr. Wood has died. He suffered terribly for many years with rheumatism, the result of spending so much of his time under water. Peace to the memory of this brave, kind-hearted old Whitstable diver.

## CONCERNING ANTELOPES.

### THE ANTELOPES OF THE FIELDS.

BY JOHN B. DUFFEY.

THOUGH evidently of Greek origin, the word *antelope* was not used by the ancients. Cuvier derives it from *anthos*, a flower, or beautiful ornament, and *ops*, eye; and it is translated "bright-eyed." It is remarkable that so many of the names by which this beautiful family of ruminants is distinguished—from the Greek *dorcas*, the Arabic *czazel*, or gazelle, the Hebrew *tzeti*, down to our own antelope—are all significant of the brightness and beauty of their eyes, or of their wonderful power of vision.

The antelopes are usually regarded as a link between the families of the goat and the deer. Like the former, they never shed their horns, and resemble the latter in size, general structure and in the nature and color of the hair. Their most marked peculiarity, perhaps, is the cylindrical form of their horns, which are destitute of the angles and ridges found on those of sheep and goats. The case of the horns is thin; and, as a group, the antelopes are classed with the hollow-horned animals. In the shape of their horns, the various species differ widely. One of the most common forms is that of the ancient lyre, for the sides of which instrument the horns of the gazelle were frequently used. In most species, the females are destitute of horns.

Of the hollow-horned ruminants, the antelopes alone, and they by no means universally, possess the lachrymal sinuses, or "tear-pits," peculiar to the solid-horned animals of the deer family. These tear-pits, as they are called, can be opened at the will of the animal, and are furnished with a secretion of the color and consistency of ear-wax. They are supposed to connect with the nostrils, so as to enable the animals to breathe freely during their long and rapid flights. It has also been observed that they use this organ when any strange or fragrant substance is brought to their notice. They seem to derive great pleasure from protruding the sinus, and rubbing it against the odorous body.

The hair of the antelopes is usually short, smooth and of equal length on all parts of the body. Some species, however, as the gnu, are bearded, like goats; others, as the oryx, are maned and tailed, like the horse or the zebra. The shape of the muzzle is also quite variable; sometimes broad, moist and naked, like that of the ox; sometimes rough and hairy, like the muzzle of the goat. The ears, which are beautiful and well set, are usually long, narrow and pointed. Their hoofs are cloven, like those of the sheep; the hind legs, like those of the rabbit, are much longer than the fore ones, thus increasing the animal's swiftness, and enabling it the more readily to climb steep places.

Probably the fleetest, certainly the most beauti-

ful and graceful, of quadrupeds, the antelopes are generally of a gentle and social nature. With the exception of some of the smaller species, which live in pairs or small families, consisting of an old male and two or three females, they are gregarious and migratory, often forming vast herds, which cover "the whole face of the country with columns

Africa is the great roaming ground of the antelope family. Central India, Hindostan and Asia Minor, have several varieties, while Western Europe and America have each but a single species. The believers in special creation regard the fact that these several species never mix, that the most dissimilar varieties are found in the same



THE SAISIN, OR COMMON ANTELOPE.

of a league in width, flowing on in a continuous current, for hour after hour, without interruption." Their sight, hearing and smell are of surprising acuteness, and he must be a wily hunter, indeed, who can get within gunshot of them. When feeding, they have sentinels suitably posted, to guard against surprise.

localities, and that the most similar bear toward each other the strongest antipathy, as striking evidence of the correctness of their doctrine.

Naturalists have separated the antelopes into two great divisions—those of the *fields* and those of the *desert*, the first having smooth and hairless nostrils, while the latter have muzzles bearded

within, or covered with bristles. It is with the first mentioned that we shall concern ourselves in the present paper.

The antelopes of the fields are again divided into three groups: first, the true antelopes, light and elegant of body, slender of limb, delicately hoofed and having lyrate or conical horns placed over the eyebrows; second, the deer-like antelopes; and third, the goat-like antelopes.

There are many species in each of these groups, and the number of them is being constantly added to as discovery progresses in Africa. We have space to notice briefly but a few of the more prominent.

The handsomest of all antelopes are the dorcas antelope, or gazelle, and a closely allied variety, the Arabian antelope, or ariel, both of which belong to the true antelopes. The eyes of these animals, large, black, mild in expression, and of surprising lustre, have made them favorites with the oriental poets, who apply to them their choicest epithets, regarding the beauty of the gazelle as synonymous with perfect female loveliness. The dorcas is alluded to in the sacred writings as the roe, "swift upon the mountains." Both the gazelle and the ariel are common from Arabia to the Senegal River, in Africa. Large herds of them are seen bounding along with such amazing rapidity as to seem like birds. Even the grayhound can rarely outrun them, unless aided by falcons, which are sometimes trained for that purpose. Speaking of the ariel, Burckhardt states that in some parts of Syria it is captured by being driven into enclosures, consisting of high walls of stone, in which gaps are left at intervals, with ditches in front of them. A herd of ariels, having been driven into the enclosure, are there frightened by the shouts and firearms of their pursuers, and endeavor to escape by leaping the wall, but can only do so at the gaps, where they fall into the ditch outside, and are easily secured. When attacked in a body on the open plain, a flock of gazelles will disperse in every direction, but soon comes together again. When brought to bay, they defend themselves with surprising intrepidity, the males placing themselves in a circle round the females and fawns, and presenting their horns at all points to their enemies. When taken young, the gazelle is easily tamed, and makes an interesting and beautiful pet. It is captured for its flesh and for its skin, of which a parchment is made, and used to cover the small drums of the Syrian musicians. A somewhat larger variety of the gazelle, the mohr, is found in Western Africa, and is much sought after, as being the producer of the bezoar stones, so valued in the East as a medicine.

Also among the true antelopes we find "the magnificent pallah, of Southern Africa, with its splendid, annulated lyrate horns." Here, too, is the madoqua, or leaping antelope, of Abyssinia, gray of coat, and with a mere stump of a tail, the most diminutive of all horned animals, being scarcely as large as "a good English hare," and having legs no thicker than a man's little finger. Then comes the klippspringer, or mountain-goat antelope, inhabiting the barren and precipitous mountains of South Africa, where it seems to take

the place of the chamois of the Swiss Alps. The hair of this animal is remarkable for its extreme fragility and want of elasticity, breaking with the slightest touch, and crushing between the fingers like straw.

Barely referring to the steinbock, or stonebuck, the ourebi, the grysbok and the sable antelope, all of South Africa, we come to the springbok, or "well-dancing" antelope, of the same region, and also one of the true antelopes. It is easily distinguished from all known species by the long white hair along the middle of the back, which, laying flat, is nearly concealed by the fur on each side, but which, when the animal takes the extraordinary leaps that first suggested its name, is expanded so as to form a broad circular mark of the purest white, extending over the whole croup and hips, producing a strange and not unpleasing effect.

While they can find pasturage there, the springboks roam the arid plains of the interior, where, out of the reach of the hunter, they multiply undisturbed. But when, as happens once in every few years, their usual feeding grounds are scorched and dried by the hot suns of a period of drought, they sweep down upon the cultivated lands in immense herds, estimated at from ten to fifty thousand in number. At the approach of the rainy season, reanimating vegetation, and again filling the ponds and water-courses, they retrace their steps northward to their more sterile but safer and secluded plains, to recruit their ranks, now materially thinned by the attacks of man and beast, who destroy them by thousands. These migrations are greatly dreaded by the colonists, as it is impossible to keep back the devastating swarms, by which their fields are laid bare. The springbok, however, at ordinary times is a remarkably timid creature; so timid, indeed, that if it has to cross a path by which a man has passed, it will not walk over it, but takes a leap from ten to twelve feet high, and some fifteen in length, at the same time curving its back in the most extraordinary manner. The springbok is easily tamed when caught young, and has been so far domesticated as to accompany the sheep of the colonists to pasture, returning at night as regularly and quietly as the rest of the flock. It has been noted as a singular circumstance, that the name of this animal, in the Bichuana language (*tzebe*), is precisely the same as that used in the "Song of Solomon" to designate an animal of the antelope family, erroneously rendered roe in our translation.

The last of the true antelopes that we shall notice is the saisin, or common antelope, of India, over the rocky and open plains of which it roams in large families. It is distinguished from the rest of its family by the beauty and singular shape of its horns, which are annulated and spirally convoluted, making two or more turns, according to the age of the animal. The fakirs and dervishes of India, who are enjoined by their religion from carrying swords, frequently wear at their girdles the polished horns of the saisin instead of the usual military arm. The common antelope is one of the fleetest-footed of its family, and its leap

is something wonderful. It is not uncommon for it to vault to the height of twelve or thirteen feet, passing over ten or twelve yards at a single bound. In color it is almost black on the upper part of the body, and white beneath. When full-grown, it is about the size of our common deer.

The Indian antelope is usually hunted with the cheetah, a species of leopard. The cheetah is taken to the field blindfolded, and chained on a low car. A herd of antelopes coming in sight, he is unchained, his hood removed, and the game shown to him. Cautiously, carefully concealing his approach, he steals within striking distance of the herd, and then, quick as a flash, launches himself upon the quarry. Should he miss his aim, he attempts no pursuit, but lies down quietly. His master encourages him, and the attempt is renewed. Failing a second time, he usually slinks back to the car, wholly discouraged, and is unfit for the chase for some days. If he succeeds in catching the antelope, he strangles it instantly. The hunter now approaches him, caresses him, and induces him to let go his hold, by throwing him pieces of meat. He is then hooded again and led back to his car.

Prominent among the deer-like antelopes is the gemsbok, or oryx, of Central and Southern Africa, a magnificent creature, with the erect mane and long, sweeping tail of the horse, and the head and hoofs of the antelope. Its horns are long, straight and keenly pointed, flashing in the sunlight like polished sabres. Courageous as handsome, though rarely attacking man, it defends itself bravely, even against the lion, who generally comes off second best in their occasional encounters. Sometimes, indeed, both combatants fall victims to their mutual fury, the two animals having been found locked together dead, the lion transfixed by the horns of the gemsbok, the latter crushed by the mighty paw of the king of beasts.

The leucoryx, or milk-white antelope, another of the deer-like species, is remarkable for the pure white of its general color, and for its exquisitely curved horns and stately carriage. It is found represented on the monuments of Egypt and Nubia, where, being seen in profile, it shows but one horn, from which it has been conjectured arose the fabulous unicorn of the ancients.

The addax, the last of the deer-like antelopes to which we will call attention, and also a native of Africa, has no very distinguishing feature, save that its horns are curiously twisted. It is considered worthy of mention that this animal bears to-day the very same common name that it was known by in the time of Pliny.

At the head of the goat-like antelopes stands the far-famed chamois, the only European member of the family. Though especially celebrated as a dweller among the Swiss Alps, it is found in all the high mountainous chains of Europe and of Western Asia. Its horns are much like those of the goat, whose vivacity, restlessness and agility it largely displays. Beneath its external coat lies a close covering of wool, protecting it from the cold, as well as from the bruises to which it is constantly liable. Its hoofs are admirably fitted for climbing among rocks and ice. Its sense of

smell is wonderfully acute, it being able thereby to detect the presence of an enemy at the distance of a mile and a half.

When undisturbed, the chamois utters a low bleat. On the approach of a hunter, however, it emits a loud hissing noise, to alarm its companions, and then darts away at full speed, bounding from rock to rock, and often throwing itself, headlong, and apparently with the utmost recklessness, from a height of twenty or thirty yards upon the narrowest ledge, where there is scarcely room for its feet, and there, in the twinkling of an eye, regains its balance with unerring certainty.

Chamois hunting is an occupation of which much has been written. Those who engage in it, seem to do so more from a species of fascination than from a desire of gain. It is one of the most perilous of sports. No chamois-hunter, we are told, ever dreams of any other death than that of falling from a precipice, or being buried in the snow. In his favorite pursuit, he often passes the night upon the bare rock, without the slightest shelter, and with a stone for his pillow. For days together he keeps up the chase, his only food a bit of cheese and a piece of bread, the latter so hard that he is obliged to break it between two stones. The very few chamois-hunters who grow old, bear, it is said, on their faces a wild and somewhat haggard and desperate air, the traces of the life they have led.

Bearing considerable affinity to the chamois, is our own single species of antelope, the American pronghorn; so called from the shape of the horns of the male, which are curved upwards and backwards, with a short triangular prong about the centre. The winter coat of this antelope differs from that of any other known animal, the hairs being hollow and tubular, like the quills of a bird, and brittle as glass.

It is to the pronghorn that reference is made in the following passage from Catlin's "North American Indians":

"It forms one of the most pleasing living ornaments to the western world. It is seen in some places in great numbers, sporting and playing about the hills and dales; and often, in flocks of fifty or a hundred, will follow the boat of the descending voyager, or the travelling caravan, for hours together, keeping off at a safe distance, on the right or left, galloping up and down the hills, snuffing their noses and stamping their feet, as if they were endeavoring to remind the traveller of the wicked trespass he was making on their own hallowed ground. This little animal seems to be endowed, like many other gentle and sweet-breathing creatures, with an undue share of curiosity, which often leads them to destruction, and the hunter who wishes to entrap them saves himself the trouble of travelling after them. When he has been discovered, he has only to elevate above the tops of the grass his red or yellow handkerchief on the end of his gun-rod, which he sticks in the ground, and to which they are sure to advance, though with great coyness and caution, whilst he lies close, at a little distance, with his rifle in hand, when it is quite an easy matter to make sure of two or three at a shot, which he



gets in range of his eye, to be pierced with one bullet."

During the deep snows of winter, when they are suffering from want of food, these innocent little creatures fall easy victims, being generally

killed with clubs in the hands of the Indian squaws, or the younger members of the tribe. Their flesh, however, is not thought to be very good eating by the Indians, who hunt for them only when pressed by absolute need.

## The Story-Teller.

### KATY ALLWRIGHT'S FREAK.

BY SUSAN B. LONG.

"LET-TERS!" sung out Della Allwright, as she came tripping in, rosy and sparkling, from her brisk walk in the crisp, November air. "Let-ters! One from Katy, too. Open it quick, mother—it's yours—and let us all know what she says now. I hope she's coming to her senses by this time," and she waited, drawing off her gloves, and unbuttoning her sacque, while a group of five or six younger children gathered about their mother with bright, eager faces, and frequent little bursts of ecstasy.

"O-ah! there's a lot of it, isn't there!" exclaimed Jennie. "See! it took two stamps to bring it!"

"Come in here, mother!" called the invalid father, from an inner room. "Bring the letter in here to read, won't you! Let the children come, too. They all want to hear it."

So the whole brood flitted quickly, and with wonderful quietness into the other room. And now, while the mother is reading, and the others are listening, I will acquaint the reader with some of the circumstances of the family, and then we, too, will have a glimpse at the contents of the welcome missive.

The family consisted of the parents and nine children; seven girls—Katy, aged twenty-two, the eldest—and the two youngest, boys. Mr. Allwright was a master mechanic, or contractor; and, with good health and an industrious, economical wife, had always managed to not only provide amply for their actual wants, but to afford them some luxuries; the latter, however, were mostly of an intellectual nature, among which was a piano and a fair share of first-class literature.

A couple of months before the opening of my story, he had met with an accident, from which he barely escaped with his life; and now, the prospect before him, at the best, was a long period of suffering and inactivity, and at the end an expensive doctor's bill.

Katy and Della were the only ones of the children who had, as yet, been able to contribute anything to the support of the family; and they were both so fortunate as to have secured good situations in the village; Katy as a teacher in the public school, and Della as a sewing-machine operator in a large clothing store.

Cornelia, the third daughter, aged seventeen, was more delicate, physically, than her sisters, and of a shrinking disposition; but she came bravely forward, in this season of present trouble, and doubt and anxiety for the future, and demanded to be allowed to cast in her mite to the

family fund. Necessity plead for her, and a reluctant consent was granted. But then came the question, "What can she do?" Every situation suitable for her, within their knowledge, was filled; and how could they send the frail, sensitive child away among strangers.

"Leave it all to me," said brave, blue-eyed Katy, always foremost in the family councils. "Leave it all to me, and I will manage it famously, you'll see."

And this was how she would do it. Conny should take her place in the school—she was fully competent, everybody knew, and the trustees could be persuaded to consent to the change, she had no doubt—and she herself, well, she knew what she would do; but no doubt they would all think she was crazy, and oppose her doing it. No, she should not go into a store; and it was too late in the season to think of another school; and, no, she should not teach music. The experience she had had with her sisters had convinced her that she should not like it as an occupation, even if she had time to waste in hunting up pupils. No, nor canvassing; she hadn't nerve enough for that. Besides, all these professions were full, and more than full, now; and there were a dozen applicants for every vacancy in any of them; and she was not going to join the scrambling, pushing, pulling, squabbling crowd, and as likely as not fail to secure a place after all; or, if she succeeded, have the consciousness, perhaps, that she had deprived some one more worthy and more needy than herself of the means of earning a living. No, she should do nothing of the kind; she should go straight, without loss of time or temper, into work that she liked, that there was always a demand for exceeding the supply, and that paid quite as well, all things considered, as many kinds that were popularly voted more genteel. Yes, that was it—housework! Yes, kitchenwork—cooking, sweeping, dusting, ironing, etc., etc. She had served a pretty good apprenticeship to the trade, and thought she understood it thoroughly. Didn't her mother remember the little brooms, mops and dusters she used to have and use so vigorously when she was a little, toddling thing? And the bread she used to make when she had to stand upon a bench to enable her to knead it properly? Hadn't she always "stood up" for housework as a respectable and pleasant calling? And now she meant to show people that she could practice as well as preach. No, she did not expect to "revolutionize society;" and she had no particular "theory" in regard to the matter; or—well, perhaps she had; but she believed she was one of those who could demonstrate a theory better by

actions than words. Besides, she wanted to set an example for some of her young friends—those who were always bemoaning their poverty, and sighing for this and for that, that their fathers were not able to give them, and wishing they could teach, or sew, or earn something for themselves, but who felt almost mortally offended with her once when she suggested housework for them. Why they hardly liked to have it known that they assisted a little in the kitchen at home. And so they led idle, useless lives, while their fathers and mothers toiled, and saved, and pinched, and contrived, and denied themselves every little luxury, so that their selfish, silly daughters might make a respectable show in the world. She should like to show them that she was willing to swallow her own prescription.

No, she should not "put up" with indignities, either. Of course her employers might not recognize her as their equal (she might or might not be); but she should not trouble herself or them about that; she should not quarrel with them so long as they treated her with common courtesy—and she *should* demand that—that was no more than her due, or anybody's due, no matter what position they occupied, so long as they bore themselves with becoming courtesy to others. No, she had too much self-respect to wish to intrude where her company was not agreeable, whether among superiors or equals; and she had too much, also, to allow of her accepting indignities quietly. She would not remain an hour under a roof where she would be subjected to them, merely because she was doing honest work for honest wages. She would leave without warning, at the first offence.

Della fancied she saw her coming down the steps with her "boondle" in her hand, and her nose in the air, *a la* Miss Malony; but Katy only laughed, and went on "laying down her platform," as the others called it. But need we go over with it all? There are several more planks to it, but it seems to me that, with the information and the hints now given, it will be easy for any one to guess how it came about that, some two or three weeks later, Conny was proudly presiding in her school-room, and Katy was installed as cook and doer of general housework in the family of a flourishing merchant in the city.

And so now let us have our turn at that same letter, which has caused such a flutter in the home-nest. I see it is dated November 16th, 1874, and begins with:

"DEAR PARENTS AND SISTERS: I suppose you are anxious to hear how I am suited with my place by this time; so I will relieve your minds at once by saying I *am* suited. Of course, I do not mean that everything is rose-color, and that nothing unpleasant ever transpires; but I have not yet regretted my "obstinacy," as you call it. I forgot to tell you, did I, in my last (and first), how many there are in my employer's family. There are only Mr. and Mrs. Fancher and their daughter Ada (aged eleven or twelve) in the family proper; but there is a young lady visitor, a cousin of Mrs. F., who is to remain through the winter, I believe. I think also, from some re-

marks I have heard, that a brother of Mr. Fancher is expected during the holidays; but I am not at all apprehensive of being overworked, with even that addition to the family. Indeed, when I think how my poor mamma is obliged to toil from morning till night, and with not near my health and strength, I feel as if I am doing almost nothing. You know I have nothing to do with the weekly washing and cleaning, that being done by a strong, healthy-looking German woman, who comes two days in the week for that purpose; and the cooking and other-work required by four persons, with every convenience at hand to do it with, is really neither very laborious nor difficult. Then I have things very cosy and comfortable—always considering I am not at home, of course; nothing can quite make up for that. The dining-room, which adjoins the kitchen upon the ground-floor, is a pleasant, cheerful room, and here by the sunniest window I have a little table and a low rocker, where, when my household duties are disposed of, for the time, I can sit and read, or sew, or write long letters, just as I am doing now; and you really must believe me when I say that I am not only contented, but actually happy. The evenings, many times, slip away so quickly, that it is bed-time before I am aware.

"To be sure, I would not like to feel that I must live this kind of a life always; but, for the present, I am sure it is better than anything else within my reach. Confess, now, Della, and the rest of you dear young ninnies, who were so scandalized at my "going to be a servant," that I am better off than I would be tramping around in the cold and wet from house to house giving music lessons; or than standing shivering behind the counter of some dark, gloomy store through the live-long day, and then spending my evenings in the stuffy parlor of some cheap boarding-house. Of course I am without society; but that, to my mind, considering that I am somewhat fond of my own, diversified occasionally by that of good books, is preferable to much that is to be met with in boarding-houses.

"Speaking of books, Mrs. Fancher has a large number of very good ones—some of which I have never met with before—and she takes several first-class periodicals, and is so kind as to lend them to me. At first, when I asked her, she looked very queer, and I thought she was about to refuse; but now, since she finds, I suppose, that I do not burn the dinner while I read, nor otherwise neglect my work, nor leave greasy finger-marks upon them, nor tear out the leaves to kindle the fire, she seems quite willing that I should take them when I choose. I should like much to know what she thinks of me. I can see that I puzzle her somewhat. I judge from her manner during my first week here, that she is liable to have a good deal of trouble with her 'help' (you see, Dell, I don't accept the obnoxious appellation of servant); but I kept on the even tenor of my way, stood upon my platform—i. e., I was neither servile nor impertinent, aiming to be simply dignified and respectful, sustaining my temper and my patience by assuring myself that, when we came to understand each other better, much that was a little unpleasant

now would disappear; and the event has proved that I was right. She leaves me very much to myself now, merely giving her orders, and seems to think I do not require watching. Still, I am curious to know what she does think of me on the whole."

We are curious, too, are we not, reader? And, as the remainder of the letter relates only to family matters, in which we have no interest, let us refrain from prying into them, and then, as a reward for our forbearance, we will gratify our curiosity upon the other subject, the moment an opportunity offers for doing so. We can easily do it; and so might Katy, but for some foolish scruples she had about peeping through key-holes and listening at cracks of doors—scruples which we, however, are in no wise bound to respect. And here is the opportunity, though we have waited for it two weeks.

"Oh, yes!" Mrs. Fancher was saying, in reply to some remark of her cousin's—"Cousin Ada," she called her—"oh, yes! I have noticed all this, of course. However, I can't say that I consider dignified manners, unexceptionable language and cultivated tastes indispensable in a common house servant." (Mrs. F., reader, was not remarkable for these qualifications herself.) "but she is such a vast improvement upon anything I ever had in that capacity before, that I am willing to tolerate, and even indulge her in some little absurdities. Why, if you will believe me, cousin, since she has been here, our weekly expenses—table expenses, I mean—have been reduced one-fourth!"

"Indeed?" replied Cousin Ada, "then I suppose she is honest. One would judge so, from her looks."

"Oh, certainly, she is honest; and so are many others; but *so wasteful!* That's where the main difference lies. Now, Katy never burns her food, and it never comes to the table half cooked, to be thrown away, and she hasn't broken a dish, or a piece of furniture, or an ornament, since she has been here; and then, do you mind, you never hear a clatter in the kitchen; and she is never behind with her work—has her meals promptly, and that is such a rare thing with servants, and Mr. Fancher is so impatient if he has to wait a moment."

"I'll commend her for one thing," said the cousin. "She has a way of sweeping without deluging the rooms with dust. I don't know how she does it!"

"Yes," was the reply, "she seems to possess every requisite, and I think myself lucky in securing her, just at this moment, when I want to have so much time with you, and Launce coming, too, and we shall want to go out so much. Four dollars a week, besides hiring the washing and scrubbing extra, is a large sum to pay, these times; but, all things considered, she is cheap at that."

Now we are allowed a peep into another of Katy's letters, written soon after the above conversation.

"By the way," she writes, "tell Genie Ross not to worry much about my hands. They are not 'hard,' nor 'rough,' nor 'red-dy.' Reasons: I

have plenty of good, thick holders, and am particularly careful to use them in handling iron-ware, etc. I use a small swab, or mop, for washing dishes, avoiding wetting my hands in hot dish-water; and gloves and glycerine do the rest. Speaking of hands, reminds me of an amusing incident which occurred the other day. I went into the parlor to put it to rights, before breakfast, and found Ada Fancher there practising her music. It was not her usual hour, but it seems she had a difficult lesson, and had arisen early to study it before school time. 'Oh, please wait a little, Katy,' says she, 'till I play this bar through a few times—it is dreadful.' Unconsciously, I went and looked over her shoulder. It was a difficult piece—for her—and she bungled it sadly, one measure in particular. 'Why, you are not counting,' said I. 'That will never do, for don't you see, you are giving those dotted thirty-seconds as much time as you do those dotted eighths.'

"She whirled about upon the music-stool, and gazed at me thunderstruck. 'Can you play?' she asked. 'Yes,' I answered. 'Oh, help me with this hateful lesson, please!' she pleaded. 'Play it for me, and count it, do!' I sat down and played it over a few times, counting, carefully, and then she tried it again, and, with my help, soon mastered it. 'Now play one piece, please,' said she, 'and then I'll go out of your way.' So she turned to a lively gallop, and I ran it through while she stood by and wondered, I suppose. 'How nicely you play, and what pretty hands you've got,' were her pleased comments, as I finished, and then pausing all of a sudden, as she was leaving the room, and surveying me from head to foot, she said, 'Why, you are not the least like a servant in anything!' 'Then, do you see any need of calling me one?' said I, laughing. 'Why, what shall I call you?' she asked, looking puzzled. 'What would you call me, if I were your music teacher, or your mother's seamstress?' I asked. 'Oh,' said she, 'I should call you Miss Allwright, I suppose, or Miss Katy. Shall I call you so now?' 'If you please,' I said, 'and now, run away, for breakfast is waiting for you,' and off she ran, seemingly well pleased.

"Now I will tell you that I have made the acquaintance of a Mrs. Beverly, a very pleasant, middle-aged widow—an old family friend of Mr. Fancher's, who visits here quite often. She is a thin, dark, nervous woman, very animated and lively in her ways, and somewhat eccentric, too, I judge, from the remarks I have heard; but I suppose no one questions her eccentricities, on account of her wealth. Being all alone, she prefers to board rather than keep house; so she spends her summers in the country, and her winters at the St. — hotel in this city—and now you know her. Well, yesterday she called here, and Mrs. Fancher was out; so she said to me, in her pleasant, bright way—not a bit patronizing, but really friendly—'Well, then, if you are not busy, I will come in and chat with you a few moments. You must be rather lonely sometimes, are you not, and poor company is better than none.' It was the pleasantest half hour I have spent since I left home, or, rather, the most *home-like*. We talked of

books and literature mostly, and she has promised to take me to a public library or reading-room but a short distance from here, where she says I can drop in every afternoon if I have time. I shall certainly avail myself of her kind offer soon. When she rose to go, she gave me her card, and asked me to call at her rooms and see some pictures and *bric-a-brac* which she has."

"I have been to the reading-rooms twice since my last." (This was in the next letter, written nearly two weeks later.) "The first time with my kind friend, Mrs. Beverly, and again to-day. There is a splendid collection of books and papers, and I mean to go often now. I always have two hours, and often more, between luncheon and dinner, at my own disposal, besides the evenings—though I don't think I would like to go even there alone after dark. By the way, I understand the other visitor, Mr. Fancher's brother, is expected to-morrow or next day, so perhaps I may not have quite as much leisure time; but good books won't spoil from keeping, which is a lucky thing for us poor folks, isn't it?"

"Ah!" "Yes!" "To be sure!" "Exactly!" "Certainly!" "I understand!" Such were some of the ejaculations with which that "other visitor," alluded to in Katy's letter, accompanied his employment of brushing off the dust and cinders of travel in his room, upon the day of his arrival, preparatory to joining his sister-in-law in the parlor, when and where she had promised to introduce him to her Cousin Ada. "I might have suspected some trap!" he went on, brushing his short, black curls with unnecessary energy. "I might have known there was some cousin, or aunt, or grandmother in the case, from her unusual urgency to have me come. Now she means to marry me off-hand to this precious cousin! I'm perfectly sure that's her aim. I've had too many such dishes cooked up for me, ma'am, thank you! Humph! If I had married all the women of every age and condition that have been literally thrown at me, I should have as many wives as a Mormon elder. But, let my dear sister-in-law play her little game. If I find it agreeable, I'll 'assist,' perhaps; but I solemnly *vow* I'll marry no woman that has been 'picked out for me' by some officious friend. I've stood my ground so long—over ten years, I fancy—and I'll 'fight it out on this line' twice ten years longer, if it needs. There, now!"

Rather conceited this sounds, doesn't it, for a full-grown man like Launce Fancher? Well, to do him justice, it was not his fault that he was a little conceited. The wonder is that he was not more so; for it was true, just as he has intimated, that, almost ever since he discarded roundabouts, certainly before he was out of his teens, he had been the mark at which scores of maneuvering mammas, match-making friends and designing widows, had levelled their very best arrows. It was true, too, what his suspicions now suggested, that his sister-in-law had set her mind upon bringing about a match between him and her cousin. It would be just the best thing for both of them, she said. They were both getting along—Launce was over thirty, and Ada was twenty-

four—and they ought to marry and settle down. They were both lively and fond of society; and, best of all, he was rich, and could afford to marry. She was rehearsing the plans for her campaign in the parlor below stairs, and feeling almost certain of success, while Launce was soliloquizing as aforesaid above. If she could have heard him, it would have saved him a deal of worry and disappointment.

"'I'll fight it out on this line' twice ten years more," he repeated, shaking his fist at his image in the mirror—a good-looking image, by the way, showing a full, dark face, frank and genial in expression, smooth-shaven, except the upper lip, on which grew a glossy black moustache—and then, after a rapid inspection of this same image, to assure himself that he was presentable, "Now for it!" he exclaimed, laughingly, and hastily swung out of the room into the hall on his way down to the parlor.

It was some five minutes later that he entered that room; which seems a long time to be consumed upon so short a journey, considering the rapid rate at which it was begun; and another suspicious circumstance was, that he looked flushed and excited, as though he had encountered some disturbing element on the way. Let us use our eyes and ears again, and perhaps we shall learn if it was so, and the nature of it.

"You needn't introduce me to your cousin, Harriette," said he, walking aimlessly about the room, stopping and fingering the ornaments nervously now and then, instead of taking the easy chair his sister-in-law moved forward for him. "I've saved you the trouble. I've introduced myself. I've just knocked her down-stairs—or, I caught her, I believe, before she fell. This is what comes of giving me a room close to the head of the stairs. It's never safe to do that. I always come out like a whirlwind, and shall certainly break my own neck, or that of some other person who may chance to be passing, as your cousin was just now, with, I should say, the product of a whole laundry in her arms—ruffles, laces and all kinds of delicate kick-a-shaws. They flew every which way; and there I had to stand like a great guy while she gathered them up, not daring to help her, lest I should crush the dainty things; and I couldn't pass, you see, without stepping on them. So there I stood, awkwardly apologizing; and I know she was inwardly laughing at me all the while, for I saw the dimples keep coming and going in her cheeks. By the way, why couldn't you have told me—t isn't fair to take a fellow so by surprise—why couldn't you have told me that your cousin was so deucedly pretty? Pretty! That's no name for it, though! Lovely! A perfect apple-blossom!"

Mrs. Fancher looked first surprised, then gratified, then surprised again; but on the whole pleased. This was encouraging, certainly. Better than she had hoped, even. But she had never heard Cousin Ada called "lovely," before; and as for "apple-blossom," that was a little absurd. She was a graceful, stylish girl; and when you had said that, there was not much more to be said in her favor, as far as looks were concerned.



However, it was not for her to disparage her own wares, so she made answer, as Launce paused a moment for breath: "Cousin Ada is rather nice-looking for a brunette. She certainly has very fine eyes. Intensely black, aren't they?"

"Black! Brunette!" exclaimed Launce. What is she talking about? "Blue, you mean!—or are you color blind? Blue as June skies, violets and forget-me-nots combined! And her hair is only two shades too dark for a perfect blonde. Don't laugh! I had nothing else to do, while she was picking up the 'fixings,' but look at her—and I wasn't sorry to have the chance, though I felt like a culprit. Shade of Juno! isn't she dignified, though! She accorded me her pardon for my awkwardness, and walked away with the air of a queen."

Light broke upon Mrs. Fancher's mind. She said, "Oh!" and laughed, and just then Cousin Ada sailed into the room. Before the ceremony of introduction, consequent upon this event, was over, Mr. Fancher entered, having left his business an hour earlier than usual, in consequence of his brother's expected arrival, so that there was no opportunity for an explanation before dinner, however much Launce might have desired it. The one arrived at in his own mind was, that there was another young lady visitor in the house whom his sister-in-law had not mentioned. "I shall see her at dinner, no doubt," he thought, as the time went on and she did not appear in the parlor.

He *did* see her at dinner. She brought in the soup, her cheeks a little flushed with the heat of the kitchen fire, and he nearly bounded from his chair, in his astonishment. He committed more blunders, and made more irrelevant remarks during that dinner than he had ever been guilty of in his whole lifetime before, and felt intensely relieved when the meal was over.

"Who is she, any way?" he said to Mrs. Fancher, detaining her in the hall, on their way back to the parlor, until the others had passed on.

"She? Who?" was the response.

He gave a backward motion toward the dining-room in answer.

"Oh!" said his sister-in-law, with a slight laugh, "she's the person you took for Cousin Ada, is she? Well, don't you see, she is my servant? 'help,' I believe she prefers to be called, but one can't always think. Her name is Katy Allwright."

"How came she in anybody's kitchen?" asked Launce, indignantly. "Why, she's a lady!"

Mrs. Fancher arched her eyebrows at this last remark, and said, "ah!" as though she did not propose to discuss the point. She felt annoyed at his manifesting an interest in a quarter so different from the one she had planned that he should, though she attributed it more to curiosity than to any deeper sentiment.

"I think she must have spent a large portion of her life in a kitchen, from her expertness in all that pertains to one," she answered, indifferently. "She is the best servant I ever had, any how. Rather too good looking, though, and a little spoiled, in consequence—fancies herself quite as good as her mistress, I dare say—has some queer

ideas about the 'dignity of labor'—a little 'strong-minded,' I judge, though I don't encourage her by allowing any familiar conversation. As long as she attends to her duties, she may think what she pleases, if she will keep her thoughts to herself."

With this meagre information, Launce was obliged to be content, for his brother was calling him, and his sister-in-law's manner plainly indicated that she had said all she wished to upon the subject.

Katy's next letter caused a good deal of twittering among the young brood at home, and some little anxiety to the parents.

"I thought last night that I should see you myself, instead of writing, this time," she wrote, "but I shall not for a few days, at least. I have left Mr. Fancher's, and when I tell you the circumstances which led to such a step, I think you will not blame me. The girls will not, I am sure. The 'unpleasantness' was this. Last evening there was company in the parlor—Mrs. Beverly and several others. Some one proposed dancing; but, as it happened, none of those present could play dance music. Ada Fancher whispered Mrs. Beverly that I could play everything, so away she flew, in her bustling, independent way, in the dining-room, where I sat reading, and said she had come for me to go and play for them. I went, of course, partly to oblige her and her friends, and partly, because I thought I would enjoy it. 'Here, I've found a "piper to pipe" for us,' said Mrs. Beverly, as we entered the parlor, and then added, 'Miss Allwright, ladies and gentlemen.' I went directly to the piano, and began playing a waltz. They went through two or three dances, and then Mr. Fancher began telling an anecdote and the others stood about him listening. I remained sitting at the instrument, listening also. Presently Mr. Fancher's brother, Mr. Launce Fancher—I told you they were expecting him, and he came a few days ago—well, he came over to the piano and took up some of the music and made some remark to me about it. Then he began talking of music generally, and of different notabilities he had heard sing and play. Of course, I was interested, and asked some questions and ventured a remark or two myself. He was speaking of Miss Kellogg—some peculiarity of hers—when Mrs. Fancher's voice broke in.

"'Katy,' says she, quite loud enough to be heard by all in the room, and her tone was offensive in the extreme—totally unlike her usual manner of speaking to me—'there will be no more dancing. Your duties *here* are over; but, no doubt, there are others in the *kitchen* requiring your attention.'

"'My duties in the kitchen are done, also, Mrs. Fancher,' I replied, rising and speaking calmly, though I felt my face blazing, 'but if there is to be no more dancing, I am quite ready to obey your delicate hint, and retire at once.'

"As I turned to go, Launce Fancher—and I shall thank him for it to my dying day, for it seemed to me that I never should be able to cross that large parlor, with becoming spirit, with all those eyes staring at me—Mr. Launce Fancher



stepped to my side, drew my hand through his arm, and walked with me to the door, opened it and bowed me out, as though I had been the greatest lady in the land. I suppose he felt it to be something of an insult to him, too, for his face was blazing as well as my own and his eyes flashed fire. Mrs. Beverly overtook me before I reached the dining-room, and she was in a great rage, too.

"It's scandalous! It's a perfect shame! I wouldn't have believed it of her!" she kept saying. And I am the only one to blame—if any one is—for your being there! I never dreamed of such a thing! Why, if you had been a rough Irish girl, ignorant and dirty, right from the wash-tub, she couldn't have been more insulting; but you are as much of a lady as any of us, in looks, dress, manners and everything!"

"But money," I added. "If she had spoken to me privately," I said, "I wouldn't have minded. She has a right to order her own house. But I don't like to have the company think that I intended to intrude myself among them. I want them to know that I went because you asked me, and that I intended to come away as soon as I knew they were done dancing."

"Certainly," she replied, "I shall take care that they understand how it was, fully—I shall take all the blame, as I ought—but what are you going to do?" seeing me gathering up my things—books, workbox, etc.

"Why, you don't suppose I am going to remain here any longer than it takes me to get myself and my 'boondle' away, do you?" I replied, half laughing, in spite of myself, as I remembered Miss Malony. "I shall have it packed in fifteen minutes, and all ready to go to a hotel."

"Well," said she, looking pleased, "I like you better and better. I should do just the same in your place. So hurry through with your packing and go with me to the St. —. You shall be my guest for a few days, until you decide what you want to do."

"I objected at first to being her guest, but she overruled my objections, and, to make a long story short, in rather less than an hour, we were both sitting in her elegant parlor, at the St. —, and my trunk and other 'effects' were under the same roof.

"The next morning I sent my bill to Mr. Fancher at his store (by the advice of kind Mrs. Beverly), hardly expecting, however, that he would pay it (though she said he would), considering that I had left before my month was up, and without warning; but he sent me the full month's wages, begging me, in a short note, to keep the overplus instead of the holiday gift he had intended to make me. There! comments are in order now.

"And now, directly after breakfast, Mrs. Beverly is going to take me to see some friends of hers, who she thinks will like me, and from her account of them, I know I shall like them. They have the same ideas about making housework and houseworkers respectable that I have—that poor girls, daughters of workmen, even if they are educated and refined, ought to be encouraged to earn a living in a kitchen, if nothing more profit-

able or agreeable offers; and that they should not be treated with disrespect, but rather with additional consideration for so doing.

"Later. We went out, as we intended, and as we were passing some picture rooms, Mrs. Beverly caught sight of her friends within. 'The Boffins,' was my mental exclamation, the minute she pointed them out to me. So now you know them. We joined them, and in due time I was presented. They shook me by the hand in the friendliest manner, and I was quite charmed with them both before ten minutes were over. Well, not to take up time with unimportant details, when I shall see you so soon, I will just say that Mrs. Beverly contrived to get us all into a quiet corner, and then in the most natural manner conceivable (I believe the woman was cut out for a general,) introduced the subject upon which we wished to confer with them. With her as chief spokesman, the matter was quickly arranged, or, as far as it could be at the time, and we are to spend the day at their house to-morrow, when it will be finally settled. The Fairfields (which is their name,) are quite wealthy, but their wealth has not spoiled them, it seems, for they are extremely sensible. They have raised a large family of their own—sons and daughters, all married, excepting one invalid daughter somewhat in years—and now they have quite a family of orphan grandchildren, nieces and nephews, among them three young girls, between the ages of fourteen and nineteen. Mrs. Fairchild taught her own girls to cook and perform all kinds of housework; and now she wishes to give her niece and granddaughters the same advantages, but is unable, at her age and with the care of the invalid, to take the burden upon herself, and has long been looking out for some suitable person—some one who would be a proper associate for young girls, as well as able to direct them and take the lead in every department of housekeeping. So, you see, if she decides to employ me, I shall have three assistants, and shall not be so entirely isolated from society."

Two days later, Katy was in the midst of her own family, animatedly recounting her late experiences in the city.

"But what about 'your Boffins?'" asked Della.

"Oh, I am to go there at the end of the holidays, and I am to be chief executive under Mrs. Fairfield—she will be the nominal head, you know—and the young ladies, two of them—one is in school yet—are to work with me, and when the work is done, I am to go into the parlor with them, if I choose, or wherever else I choose—am, in fact, to be considered as good as they are as long as I behave as well; and Mrs. Fairfield says that every one of her daughters and daughters-in-law would be glad to secure intelligent, competent, well-bred girls for 'help,' on just such conditions, and several of her friends would, also; so, if I hear any of the girls complaining about not being able to earn anything, I shall tell them what to do very quickly."

"And how about the Fanchers?" asked Conny.

"Oh, I've never seen anything of any of them, except Mr. Launce Fancher, and he was at Mr.

Fairfield's to tea the day Mrs. Beverly and I spent the day there. It seems he is a great favorite with the old people."

"The 'John Harmon' to 'your Boffins,' I guess," said Conny.

In due time Katy returned to the city, and entered upon her duties in her new situation. Her weekly letters home contained pleasant, gossipy details of the daily doings of herself and her lively young companions—of rides and walks together when work was done, and of one rather grand dinner party given by the "Boffins" to a few select friends, and at which she and the young ladies officiated as sole cooks and waiters; but these we will let pass. Here is one, however, written in the following March, to her mother, at which you shall have a glimpse as well as myself.

"Dear mother," it says, "you wonder why I do not write more of myself, when it seems to me I have written of nothing else all winter. However, by the time you have read this, you will be satisfied with my egotism for once.

"I think I have mentioned Mr. Launce Fancher a good many times in my letters. Indeed I could hardly help doing so, for he has been such a frequent visitor here, and has almost always made one of our party at lectures, concerts and other places where we go for recreation and amusement (the 'Boffins' attend no fashionable parties, you know), that to describe them all as minutely as I have done without bringing him in, would be like playing 'Hamlet' with Hamlet left out.

"I wonder how I shall tell my little story? Shall I make it long or short? Short now, and enlarge it when I see you, shall I? Well, you have had the first part of it; so I will just go on and say that I have been conscious for some time past that he (we were speaking of Launce Fancher, you know) was paying me a good deal of attention, and very publicly, too. At first I thought I ought to discourage it, and avoid him as much as common civility would allow; and did, I think; but all the while I was seeing so much that was noble and grand, unselfish, tender and beautiful in his character, that—well, I suppose I didn't try very much to avoid him after awhile, and—and last night he came into the parlor where I was alone (and I am sure now that my being there alone was the result of a conspiracy), and told in the most straightforward, manly manner that he loved me, truly and sincerely, and asked me to be his wife. There! What do you think? It is the story of Cinderella and the prince over again, isn't it?

"Well, I am coming home in a week's time, and then soon after the prince will follow me there, and if you and dear father approve of him—I mean as a husband for your little girl; you must approve of him otherwise—why then I think she will be the happiest little girl in the whole world."

They did approve of him quite cordially enough to satisfy Katy, and so nothing but a few simple preparations stood in the way of a speedy and quiet wedding.

"Who is to be my 'help' when I set up house-

keeping?" asked Katy one day, as she and her sisters sat sewing. "Don't all speak!"

"You'll be dreadfully aristocratic, I suppose—supercilious and tyrannical toward your *servants*!" said Della.

"*Won't I, though!*" laughed Katy. "Set a beggar on horseback," you know." And then she went on seriously: "But of one thing be assured, I shall never feel that my husband's money has added a tithe to my respectability, gentility or refinement, or has made me any more worthy to mingle in good society than I am at this moment."

## MIRIAM:

AND THE LIFE SHE LAID DOWN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

### CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Mr. Ray made his appearance at the breakfast-table next morning, Miriam saw a great change. He had passed a sleepless night, trying but in vain to see how he could safely leave his business for the long period Dr. Barton had prescribed. To drop everything at once would result, he feared, in ruin to many important interests, and might seriously impair his fortune. For a little while longer he must keep his hand on the helm of affairs, and until he could decide whether it were best to withdraw altogether or trust his partners with the entire management of the business while he was absent, seeking to regain his health.

The greater mental strain, consequent on all this, was seen in more unfavorable symptoms, and an increase in the morbid condition already developed.

"The doctor has not laid his commands on you an hour too soon," said Miriam, as she saw her father push back his almost untasted food, and make a movement to rise from the table. "You must leave everything as it is, and get away as quickly as possible. Aunt Mercy will be here this morning. I saw her yesterday, and told her what Dr. Barton has said. She will come and stay with John and Ruth, and take care of the house while we are away. I can be ready in a week to go anywhere."

"But I cannot, Miriam," replied Mr. Ray. "It is simply impossible. There are a hundred difficult things to arrange and settle before I can go."

"A week ought to be long enough, father," urged Miriam. "You are breaking down so fast under this strain of business, that if you do not stop at once you may go just too far. That is what I fear. The string may break or the bow snap. Cannot Mr. Fairburn take your place at once and manage everything until you come back?"

Mr. Ray shook his head as he answered: "No, Mr. Fairburn cannot take my place. He is good enough in his own department, but for mine he has no capacity."

"How is Mr. Eldridge?"

Mr. Ray only shook his head again.

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"What is to be done, then?"

"That is just the question I am trying to decide. It has kept me awake all night; and my poor head is so bewildered that I can see nothing clearly. I am as far away from a solution of the difficulty as when I began."

It was in this unsettled state of mind that Mr. Ray left home on that morning for his store. In less than an hour after he went away, Miss Mercy Ray, his sister, came in. The meeting between Miriam and her aunt was full of loving confidence on both sides. Aunt Mercy put her arms around the beautiful girl and held her for a few moments in a warm embrace, then looked at her as fondly as a mother would look at a beloved child.

Let us describe Aunt Mercy. You have before you, as in a picture, the pure, pale face of a woman past the meridian of life. The eyes are a deep brown, soft and full of tender meanings, a little sad, and with an inner look when at rest, but usually bright and sympathetic. Dark eyebrows and lashes; hair in which but few gray lines are visible; a thin, straight nose; a finely-cut, sensitive mouth; and over all a veil of spiritual beauty that mark her as one seemingly set apart from weak and selfish humanity. In stature she is a little above medium height, and graceful in form and carriage.

The picture is only a feeble outline. No one could look into Aunt Mercy's face and not feel that it was beautiful, though not a tint of rose blushed on her thin, pale cheeks. Her eyes had marvellous depths in them, and hidden meanings at times that baffled the observer's subtlest insight. Life had not been a pleasant dream with Mercy Ray; but an intense reality. Her spring-time path had not led her through green meadows and by still waters; but into dark valleys, and barren places, and along rocky defiles, where her tired feet were often cut by jagged stones. But the path, rough and hard though it was, always had an upward trend, and day by day, as she walked in dutiful patience and resignation, she ascended to a higher spiritual level, until she came at last to a new region, where the green pastures of God were spread, and cool waters flowed, and the tree of life extended wide its branches, and dropped its leaves of healings.

Aunt Mercy had laid down her life on the altar of duty, but in laying it down she had found it again; or rather found a new life springing from the dead ashes of the old. This was the secret of her power over all who came within the circle of her influence, manifested as well in the subtle sphere that pervaded the spiritual atmosphere around her as by beneficent word and deed. We shall not give the story of her life, for we shall have enough to do in telling the story of another life, and how that life was laid down also. But Aunt Mercy had been in the hands of the Refiner, and He had seen His face in the molten silver as He looked down into the glowing crucible. She had come out of the fiery ordeal so nearly pure from the dross of selfish love, that now, when another life, weaker mayhap than her own, was to be tried in another furnace, God gave her the part of a sustaining angel.

"How is your father this morning?" asked Aunt Mercy, while her eyes still looked lovingly into Miriam's.

"Not so well. He worried himself about business all night, and so was not able to sleep. He looked wretched this morning," replied the girl, a deep shadow coming into her face.

"Your father must get away from business as quickly as possible," said Aunt Mercy. "How soon will you go?"

"We ought to go at once. But father says that it will take a long time to so arrange his affairs that he can safely leave them for six months; and I dread the effort he will have to make in doing this. Indeed, I can see that just thinking about it has made him worse. I'm afraid, aunty dear," and Miriam's voice grew unsteady, "that Dr. Barton did not break the matter gradually enough to father. It has shocked and disheartened him; and that only makes it worse for his poor head. I take blame to myself on this account, for I urged the doctor to be very positive about his going away at once."

Tears filled the girl's eyes and fell over her face.

"No one is to blame, dear, unless it be for keeping silent too long," returned Aunt Mercy. "My brother should have done months ago what he is forced to do now. He should have given himself rest the moment his head began to trouble him. How long a time does he think it will take him to get his affairs so arranged that he can leave them?"

"He has mentioned no time. I spoke of a week, but he said that would be impossible. The fact is, father has always carried too large a weight of responsibility on his own shoulders. His partners are not men of ability, but good to execute as he projects. From what he said this morning, I fear that he cannot safely leave affairs to their exclusive management. If this be really so, the trouble is much increased; for everything will depend on father's being able to get entirely away from all thought and care of business."

The face of Aunt Mercy grew thoughtful and serious.

"I see how it is," she answered, as she drew an arm about her niece. "When trouble comes it rarely comes alone; but there is always this comfort, my child, it never comes without permission, and He who permits does so from abounding love. Hidden in the core of every sorrow, of every loss, of every affliction through which our Father leads us, lies a blessing sweeter than we have hitherto known, and which, but for the sorrow, the loss or the affliction, we could never receive nor He bestow."

Miriam laid her face down upon the bosom of Aunt Mercy and wept silently. A shadow had fallen with a sudden coldness upon her spirit. The tenderly spoken admonition had struck upon her heart with the force of a solemn prophesy.

"Love, my darling! It is always love," said Aunt Mercy, bending her lips to Miriam's ear. "And if we are dutiful and patient, God will lead us into safer ways than we could ourselves have chosen. They may not always be smooth and

pleasant ways; but whoever walks therein will have the companionship of angels."

She kissed the forehead of the weeping girl; then lifted her saintly eyes, and whispered a prayer that life's burdens might be as easy and its paths as smooth for the tender maiden as in God's infinite love, which regarded her highest good, it were possible to provide.

The letters that Mr. Ray found awaiting him on this particular morning were not calculated to give his mind anything stable to rest upon in its state of painful indecision. The house had made a large shipment of grain, which had been sold in the foreign market at a fair profit; but instead of the proceeds being invested by the consignees, who were allowed some discretion, in the safe return cargo, suggested by Mr. Ray in his letter of advice, a heavy line of goods, for which a sudden demand from the American market had sprung up, was purchased and shipped. Already the market was oversupplied, and Mr. Ray knew but too well that on the arrival of their vessel, the goods it brought would have to be sold at a serious loss, or held over for a long time in the hope of an advance in price. Then the failure of a house in London, on which he had purchased bills of exchange, was announced; and some of the bills were back under protest. The drawers of these bills were not able to make them good promptly, and it was gravely feared that they were deeply involved with the London firm. Some days must elapse before any light could be had. In the face of all this, heavy obligations were coming due that must be provided for.

Mr. Ray tried, with something of his old cool decision and self-reliance, to meet this adverse turn in affairs, and to find a safe way out of the difficulties that were closing about him. If his brain and nervous system had been as sound as they were a few years back, he would have made himself master of the situation; but just here lay the trouble. The more he thought, the more confused did his mind seem to become, and often, just as he had reached a well-considered result, some factor in the account dropped out of his memory, and he was in confusion again. He was sitting at his desk, trying to write an important letter, when he felt a strange contraction of his fingers on his pen. He laid the pen down and bent his fingers back with his left hand, holding them straight for a few moments. On releasing them the fingers contracted toward the palm, and he was unable by any effort of the will to straighten them.

A sudden fear seized upon Mr. Ray. Cold drops stood upon his forehead. The strange contracting sensation began extending from the hand to the arm, all the flexor muscles drawing inward and lifting it toward the shoulder. With a desperate force he pulled his arm down upon the table, and held it there for a moment or two. But, on withdrawing the force, it slowly flexed again until it was half bent, and he could not by any inflex of will into the muscles overcome their steady contraction.

The half-despairing groan that fell from the merchant's lips drew his partners about him. He

had risen from his desk, and was standing with ashen face and wild, staring eyes, vainly trying to keep his right arm in an extended position.

"Send for a carriage," he said, in a voice that shook with agitation. "I must go home."

"Are you ill, Mr. Ray?" "What is it?"

"Where are you sick?" were the questions eagerly asked by those who had gathered around him.

"God only knows!" he replied, endeavoring to calm himself. "Something has gone wrong. See there!"

And he tried to straighten his arm by an effort of will, but it remained bent and rigid, the fingers drawn half way to the palm. Then extending it by force, he held it straight for a moment or two; but letting it free again, the contracting muscles drew it slowly upward and bent it toward the shoulder.

"God help me!" he murmured. "I had no thought of this!"

"Of what, Mr. Ray?"

"Don't you see! I've lost the use of my right arm!"

His face was still very pale, and beads of perspiration stood all over his forehead. But he had grown calmer, and before the carriage which had been ordered came, was able to give clear instructions about various business matters that required prompt attention.

Dr. Barton was called immediately. He said but little, and to the anxious questions that were pressed upon him, gave very unsatisfactory answers. In one thing he was positive; Mr. Ray must at once withdraw from business.

"Dr. Barton," said Aunt Mercy, in a private interview with the physician, "I wish to know just what you think of my brother. Don't conceal anything. Let me know the worst, that I may prepare for it. You can trust me."

"The case is a serious one," replied the doctor, "and some of the symptoms have an ugly look. I don't like this contraction of his arm."

"What does it mean?"

The doctor shook his head doubtfully.

"Do you think it is going to be permanent?"

Does it mean paralysis of the arm?"

"I cannot tell. But there is danger."

The pale face of Aunt Mercy flushed a little in answer to the quicker beating of her heart.

"My poor brother! It will be a dreadful blow to him! His mind is so set on business."

"His mind must be set on taking care of his health. It has been set on business too long," answered the doctor.

Both were silent for a little while. Aunt Mercy was not satisfied.

"Have you ever had a case just like this?" she asked, looking straight into the doctor's eyes.

"Not just like it in every particular. The same disease will often vary widely in its symptoms. Constitutional differences, as well as exciting causes, have much to do with this."

"But the singular contraction of his hand and arm, doctor. Do you connect this in any way with the trouble in his head?"

"Doubtless they stand connected. The head is the great nervous centre."



"You have had no case in all respects similar?"

"No."

"What do the books say? Have you read of a case like it?"

"Somewhat," replied the doctor, with evident evasion.

"Dr. Barton," said Aunt Mercy, drawing her slender person erect, and speaking as one who must not be deceived, "you will answer me without reserve. It is of as much importance that I should know my brother's exact condition as it is that you should know it. Is he not threatened with softening of the brain?"

The voice of Aunt Mercy broke and trembled on the last sentence.

"I will not deny," returned Dr. Barton, "that some of your brother's symptoms point to that disease. But the fact is, Miss Ray, it is one of the most difficult of diagnosis that our profession has to deal with."

"Do you regard this trouble in his arm as a symptom of the disease I have mentioned?"

"It may be."

"Have you ever met with it in the disease?"

"No."

"Or read of it in medical books?"

The doctor was silent.

"Then this symptom has been recorded as accompanying the disease?"

"It has."

The pale face of Aunt Mercy grew a shade whiter.

"I feared as much," she answered, without any other sign of feeling, rising as she spoke.

"We must not take the worst for granted," said Dr. Barton. "Nature, when left to herself, often shows a wonderful healing force. A new life may give your brother a new vitality. He must get away as quickly as possible."

It was so easy for the doctor to say this; but it was impossible for the merchant to break, as one snaps a chord, his business connections, and drift off quietly upon a sea of leisure. The process of withdrawal took many weeks, and ended in a readjustment of the firm, with a new managing partner. Nearly everything that Mr. Ray possessed was left in the business, a part only being secured by mortgages on real estate owned by the new partner.

Depressed in spirits, and with all his unfavorable symptoms increased by the strain attendant on this forced settlement of his affairs, Mr. Ray dropped his life of active work for the new and wearisome occupation of a health-seeker.

#### CHAPTER V.

"It is so hard for us all, Miriam," said Edward Cleveland, something like rebellion in his voice. "I cannot get reconciled to it."

Tears were in the girl's beautiful eyes. But she made no answer.

"Three, or four, or six months; and not to see you in all that long time! Not once to hear your voice, nor feel the pressure of your lips, nor hold your hand in mine. O Miriam, darling! It cannot, it must not be! I am not strong enough to

bear this separation. You are so dear to me! My life has grown into your life. You are my very sunlight; and I shall be in gloom and darkness when you are absent."

The young man drew his arm about Miriam, and held her closely to his side. She laid her head against him, and as she did so, was seized with strong nervous tremors that she was unable to control.

"This trial is too great for us both, darling!" said Edward, laying his hand tenderly on Miriam's head, and smoothing with soft touches her glossy hair.

A sense of weakness fell upon the girl. Up to this moment filial love had never wavered. But now her woman's heart cried out with new and passionate pleadings for itself; and for a little while she felt that the trial before her was too great.

"Why go abroad?" asked the young man. "Why not try the value of such rest and change as may be obtained here?"

There was something in Edward's voice that hurt the ear of Miriam. She raised herself, and drew slightly away from him, as she answered: "The doctor recommended a sea voyage, and my father wishes to consult a certain French physician, and place himself under his care for a few months."

"But is it absolutely necessary for you to accompany him? Could not his sister, your Aunt Mercy, go as well? It seems to me that she is the right person. She is older, and has more experience, and is much better fitted to care for an invalid. Have you not thought of this?"

"No." Miriam's voice seemed to come from afar off.

"I wonder that you have not. It was my first thought. Your aunt will go, of course; she is so good and self-sacrificing. And then there is nothing to hinder; no home ties nor home duties. It really looks as if she had been kept for this very service to your father."

"She will take care of our home and of my brother and sister while I am away," said Miriam, the same far-off sound in her voice, as if she had been removed to a distance from her lover.

"But why need you go at all? Why not reconsider this whole matter? Have a talk with your father and your aunt, and, my word for it, they will see it just as I do."

"Though I shall not," replied Miriam, with a quiet firmness that irritated the young man.

"Why not?" he asked, betraying the sudden irritation.

"Because both love and duty call me to my father's side, and I cannot give up my place to another. Edward," she added, speaking with great impressiveness of tone and manner, "if I were not true to my duty as a daughter, I would be unworthy to become your wife. For this sacrifice now, I shall grow, I trust, into a truer and better woman, and so be more to you than without the sacrifice I could possibly have been."

"You are good enough as you are," returned the young man, softening; "and I don't want you to make any sacrifices for my future benefit."



"Where duty calls, I must go, and there is no help for it, Edward." Her voice betrayed returning weakness. "Our ways, I have already learned, are not in our own hands; and it is vain to strive with Providence."

"Your way is in your own hands now," said the other, "and you can go in either direction you please. Don't mistake your own will for the leadings of Providence."

"I shall make no such mistake," Miriam answered. Her voice was husky.

For more than half the night that followed this interview with her lover, Miriam lay awake, sometimes weeping bitterly, sometimes praying for a clearer vision, and sometimes resting in the patience that comes with dutiful resolves. Her heart pleaded for herself and for her betrothed. It would be so sweet for them to remain together; and so hard to part. The long months of separation looked so dreary. And once it flashed through her mind that, in this separation, Edward might grow cold. The thought stilled her pulses and sent a shudder along every nerve and fibre of her body. But from her loving purpose she never turned for an instant. It was not in her own strength that Miriam held herself loyal to duty. She had already learned to look, in hours of trial and weakness, to One who is a present help in time of trouble; not in mere formal prayer, but in a deep and humble submission of herself to the divine will. "Show me the way; make it plain to my sight; and give me strength to walk therein." How often had she so cried out to God; and how often, after the cry, had her soul come into clearer light, and into more peaceful conditions.

"Have you spoken with your father and aunt about what I suggested last evening," asked Cleveland, at their next meeting. He saw the color begin to fade out of Miriam's face, and a shadow creep into her eyes.

Half an hour before, Miriam was sitting by the side of her father, one of her hands held tightly in his, and he was saying: "What should I do without you, my daughter? Nothing would tempt me to leave home if you were not to be my companion. God bless you, my dear, good child! I know it will be hard for you to leave Edward, and I've been trying to force myself to let you stay with the children and take your aunt; but it is of no use. It seems to me, sometimes, as if you were all I had in the world!"

He held her hand in a clinging grasp, as if he feared that she were going to be taken away from him. And Miriam had answered, with her wet cheek laid hard against his: "I will never leave you nor forsake you, my dear, good father, come what will."

Thus it was half an hour before. And no wonder the query of Edward Cleveland sent a shadow to the eyes of Miriam, and drew the warm color from her face. She did not answer him until he repeated his question, and with a perceptible tone of demand in his voice.

"No," she replied, speaking with forced composure.

"Why not?" The tone was a little more imperative.

"Because it is my duty to go with my father."

"Who says so? Have you talked with your aunt?"

"I have talked with no one but God and myself," answered Miriam. There was a deep, strange quiet in her voice, and a look in her eyes so new to the young man that she seemed for an instant half transformed. Again he had the impression of a widely intervening space between them, and it was for the moment so real that he put out his hand to touch her.

"Forgive me," he answered, gently and tenderly. "You will do right, I know. But it is so hard for me to let you go."

"It will not be for very long. And because I do right to go, God will make my heart better worth your having when I return; make it a purer and richer heart, Edward, and capable of a deeper love. Let us be patient, and wait for God's time. It will be the best time."

She had never talked in this way before; but seeing as none else could see the dark valley down into which her feet must descend, she had, in her weakness and fear, asked help and comfort of God, and found the strength that He alone can give. Light had fallen upon her path, and though it looked rough and steep in the descent, she knew that it was the way she must go, and that she would be kept in safety. And so from this higher state of trust in God she had spoken to her lover, and he did not attempt to gainsay her words; only answering: "It shall be just as you say, Miriam."

"No, not just as I say, but as God says. The voice of duty is the voice of God."

"If we could always be sure that it was God speaking," said Edward, not able to keep wholly out of his voice the protest that was in his heart.

"In the silence of submission we may hear His voice if we will," answered Miriam.

But she seemed to him almost as one who spake in an unknown tongue.

The parting came all too soon. We will not linger to describe the tender and touching incidents of the last few days and hours. Miriam bore herself far more calmly than her friends had believed possible. In all eyes she looked more beautiful than she had ever seemed before. Her face had lost some of its rich color, and its sparkle and girlish piquancy were gone; but a deeper womanly grace shone in every perfect feature. There was a change in her bearing as well as in the aspect of her countenance. She carried herself more erectly; not in any new-born self-confidence, but as one bracing herself to duty.

Mr. Cleveland had accompanied his son to the steamer on the day Miriam and her father sailed; and during the brief and hurried scenes of final separation, watched the former closely. In parting, he held the hand of the beautiful girl tightly for a moment, and said, in a low voice that was not as steady as he tried to keep it: "God has called you to a sad but loving duty, my dear, good girl! May He keep you strong, and brave, and true to the end."

Then he kissed her, and, turning, walked down from the ship and stood upon the wharf until his

son joined him. The gang planks were drawn in, the fastenings cast off, and the vessel that bore such precious freight moved slowly out from the dock, and in a few short minutes began lessening to view in the rapidly intervening distance. Father and son entered the carriage that stood waiting them, and were driven away, each silent with the pressure of many but different thoughts.

"I shall never believe that it was right," said Edward, as he sat with his father that evening. They were talking of Miriam. "Mr. Ray's sister was the one to have gone. Besides having years and experience, she has been to Europe several times. If Mr. Ray should become seriously ill, there is no telling into what painful and distressing circumstances Miriam may be thrown. I feel so much concerned for her that, if it were possible for me to get away, I would leave for Paris in the next steamer."

"As it is not," replied Mr. Cleveland, "you will have to let things take their course. I am sorry for both you and Miriam. A very dark shadow has fallen on her life, and it will not, I fear, be lifted soon. I talked yesterday with Dr. Barton about her father's case, and he did not speak hopefully. In fact—and you ought to know it—the doctor is of opinion that softening of the brain has actually commenced."

"No—no—surely not!" exclaimed Edward, the blood rushing to his face, and then receding quickly.

"He thinks," said Mr. Cleveland, "that Mr. Ray's right arm is permanently paralyzed, and fears that the entire right side will sooner or later become affected in the same manner."

"Reducing him to an almost helpless cripple! Poor Miriam! This is sad, sad indeed!" Edward showed much agitation.

"It is a very sad case, my son; one of the saddest I have known. Mr. Ray has always been such a just and true man. And to have a calamity like this fall upon him!"

"Softening of the brain! Why, father! There is no counting on what may be involved."

"There is not. If Dr. Barton is right, the man is gone—mentally as well as physically."

"And none can say what form the disease may finally take."

"None. When the brain loses its control, there is no telling into what strange disorders the whole moral and physical systems may fall."

"My poor Miriam!" said Edward. "And to think this cruel dispensation should have fallen upon her, the sweetest, purest, truest woman that ever lived." The young man was strongly agitated.

"She will become sweeter and purer for the ordeal through which her soul must pass."

But Edward shook his head, saying: "Why need fine gold be cast into the fire? You cannot make it purer than it is."

"Vain talk, my son," replied Mr. Cleveland. "God knows better than we the quality of our lives, and the discipline needed for our purification. Miriam is in His wise and loving hands, and He will not try her beyond what she can bear, nor leave her comfortless in her trial."

"O father!" exclaimed the young man. "I

cannot bear this. You make it seem as if Miriam were being led to the stake, while I stood bound and helpless. But, thank God, it is not so; and I will not consent to this great sacrifice. She owes something to herself, and something to me. I have a claim as well as—as—"

He checked himself, and Mr. Cleveland finished the sentence with the words, "Her father."

"Even so. Is she not my betrothed?"

"Yes; but not your wife, Edward; don't forget that." There was a warning tone in Mr. Cleveland's voice.

The young man turned upon his father with a look of surprise.

"Is not the promise of betrothal as sacred as the promise of marriage?"

"Does betrothal give all the duties and obligations of wedlock? Think for a moment. If Miriam were your wife, you might claim a duty to yourself as higher than her duty to her father, and on this ground object to her leaving you to become his nurse and attendant abroad. But you cannot do so now. The child is still free to go with her father whithersoever she will, and to do for him all that her love impels. And this is what I would not have you forget, my son."

"And if I should forget it?" questioned the young man, as a dim sense of what was implied in his father's words began to shape itself in his mind.

"Harm might come," said Mr. Cleveland, gravely. "You have the love of the loveliest and truest woman it will ever be your fortune again to meet in this world. If you should prove yourself unworthy of her, you will lose her. In one of the dark and hidden dispensations of Providence which sometimes shadow the lives of the purest and best, she is about being subjected, I fear, to a discipline of no ordinary suffering and sorrow. That she will be strong enough to walk in the ways through which God leads her tender feet, I am very sure; but I am not so sure that you will be found worthy to walk by her side, helping, cheering and blessing her, with an affection as pure as her own. I think, Edward, that your love for Miriam is going to be severely tested. If it stands the trial, happy are ye both! If not—well I cannot know the future."

Mr. Cleveland paused with a doubt in his voice. It was a long time before Edward made any reply. When this impediment to his ardent wishes first intruded itself in the young man's way, an impatient feeling stirred in his heart, and he felt like thrusting it aside. But now it began assuming proportions, and showing an aspect, that baffled his will and made him weak in its presence.

"You take a serious view of the case," he remarked, with considerable depression of manner.

"Not more serious than the case warrants. You hold to-day the love of a maiden whose feet must walk for a time in the way of trial and discipline. You cannot lift her out of that way, but you can comfort and sustain her in it. The burden she has to carry you can make lighter; the stones that would cut her tender feet, and the thorns that wound her, you can often remove; and if your love be a true love, you will do all this."

"O father! That you should doubt my love for Miriam!"

The young man's voice shook with the sudden intensity of his feelings.

"We never know the strength of any principle until it is tried," answered Mr. Cleveland, in a grave, steady voice. "Your love for Miriam is about receiving, I think, a test of no ordinary severity. If it be a true, self-forgetting love, it will stand; but if it be only one of the many forms of self-love that veil themselves under false appearances, it will fail. Examine your heart, my son. Try it by the test of self-forgetting."

The young man bent his head slowly, as if he were feeling the pressure of a heavy weight. He understood his father, and felt the sharp discrimination of his words.

"But love may ask something," he replied. "It cannot give all, and receive nothing. It would die of starvation. Love must be reciprocal."

"Love is a giver; and if love be mutual, each will be forever giving—and that is reciprocal love. True love does not think of itself, nor seek blessings for itself; but perpetually seeks to bless its object."

"You lift the standard too high for mortals. Angels may love after that high fashion, but not young men and maidens. The ideal is very beautiful; but it cannot be attained unto here."

"In just so far as young men and maidens fall below this standard," said Mr. Cleveland, "they fall below their high privilege, and below the region of happiness. You are wrong; it can be attained unto here. And let me say, that only those who love unselfishly know anything about the true joy of loving. 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' has a wider and deeper significance than the world imagines. It is the keynote to its highest and purest harmonies; the secret of all its sweet affinities; the hidden law of delight in everything. Self-sacrifice and self-denial are not always easy, but they bring a sure reward."

"It may be so," returned Edward, with a dry choking in his voice, "but I am too human to be satisfied with the giving side alone. I want something for myself; something to call my own—to have, and to hold, and to enjoy as mine and mine only."

"Something you will never have, my son—something no man ever had, or ever will have; and the harder you strive for it, the farther away from its attainment will you drift. Wind, and tide, and stream are against every man who sails in that direction, and he is sure, sooner or later, to strand on some bleak and desolate shore."

"I do not know how that may be; but if what you say is true, all men had better drop anchor and furl their sails, for it is just after this something to have and to hold as our own that all men are seeking."

"It would be wiser if, instead of dropping anchor and furling sail, the vessel were turned in another direction. The wrecks that cover this great sea of self-seeking; that mar the beauty of all its shores, and make desolate the islands which afar off look beautiful as the gardens of the Hes-

perides, should warn the confident young mariner against risking the precious freight of his life on such treacherous waters. Edward, you stand this hour in the first great crisis of your life. Two ways lie open before you; one leading to success, the other to inevitable failure."

"I fear you misjudge me," said the young man, gloomily. "I am not so selfish as you appear to infer. But this sudden rising up of a barrier between me and the possession of Miriam as all my own, has aroused a spirit of rebellion. It is something so unlooked for, something so outside of all my calculations."

"Let your love for Miriam," replied Mr. Cleveland, "be your leader and guide in this new and difficult way that is opening before you. If it be a true love, its deepest concern will be for her. You will not think so much of the loss and disappointment that have come to you, but of the deep sorrow that has fallen into her life; of the heavy burden that has been laid upon her young shoulders, and of the doubt, and fear, and anxiety that must now be her daily and nightly companions."

"O father!" exclaimed the young man, a quiver of pain in his voice. "Don't! don't!" He put up his hands as if to fend off the words. His face had grown pale.

"Can you think of all this, Edward, and then think only of yourself? Is love so poor and selfish a passion that it can brood over its own little losses in face of such trials and sufferings? My son has a better heart! He has not understood himself. He has been looking down weakly and selfishly, and not upward in the nobleness of his true manhood. His love is more worthy the name than he has himself imagined, and will stand, I trust, the test of fire."

"My poor Miriam!" said Edward, the quiver of pain still in his voice. "It is so hard—so hard! Why should this sad trial be laid on one so pure and good?"

"God's ways are not our ways," answered Mr. Cleveland; "but they are true and right; and if we walk in them patiently and dutifully, all will be well."

"If I could see the end of this trouble! But it stretches itself so far away into the future. The disease by which her father has been stricken, may run its slow, disastrous course through years. And must she be bound to him for all that weary time? Must his claim upon her ever take precedence of mine?"

"Would you have her false to duty, Edward?" asked Mr. Cleveland.

"No, I do not mean that. But, if she is to be my wife—" The young man checked himself, not caring to put his thought into words.

"In just so far as she fails to be a good and dutiful daughter, my son, will she fail to be a good and loving wife. She can be true to both relations; and truer in each in the degree that she is loyal to both. You cannot rob her father without robbing yourself."

"I am not so clear-seeing, nor self-repressing, nor patient as you," replied Edward. "You are right, no doubt; but my selfish heart rebels against

any divided possession. I want my Miriam all my own."

"If you love her selfishly, you will never possess her wholly," replied the father. "If too selfishly, you may lose her altogether."

"Lose her! How can I lose her?"

"She may rise into an atmosphere so pure that you cannot breathe it with her; and then—"

"What then?" A startled look came into the young man's face.

"You will turn from her and mate with one of a lower quality."

"Never! You do me wrong, father!" His lips quivered, and his eyes flashed. "You think of me too meanly. Turn from Miriam for one of a meaner nature—from an angel to a clod! O father! That you should have said this!"

"God forbid that it ever be, Edward! But I warn you of the danger."

"It is all in your imagination."

"Not so. Let me make the reason plain. Miriam has been early called to walk in the way of duty and self-denial, and to live for others more than for herself. It looks now as if the way were going to be very rough and thorny; but her feet are set therein, and she will go onward to the end. What she sees to be her duty she will do, if her heart break. But you, Edward! Already the weak flesh cries out in pain. You falter and draw back at the first step. You are not showing yourself equal to the high privilege of walking by her side, and strengthening her with your manly strength."

The flush died out of the young man's face. Conviction had struck him home. Miriam seemed lifted above him, and to stand afar off in pure and saintly beauty; so far off that he could not even touch her garments.

*(To be continued.)*

## MODERN MARTYRS.

BY MRS. SARAH HEPBURN HAYES.

A YOUNG mother was sitting over the cradle of her six-months-old baby. She was an American "girl-wife," and possessed of more than an ordinary share of the beauty which distinguishes this interesting class. At present, however, her eyes were filled with tears, and her attitude expressed so much helpless despondency that it was a silent appeal to the sympathy of any beholder. She held a piece of needlework in her hand, and rocked the cradle at intervals with her foot.

Presently the door opened, and a young man entered. He was puffing at a segar, and his hair and clothing were steeped in the stale odors of tobacco.

"What is it, Milly? What is the matter now?"

"O Tom!" said Milly, fairly sobbing; "Ann left this afternoon. She got angry because baby was sick, and there was some washing to do, and I did not feel well, and asked her to help me nurse a little while."

"Never mind," cried Tom, who was really good-hearted. "I will help you myself, and we will try and get another servant."

"She had just begun to know our ways," returned Milly, "and I had so much trouble to teach her. Now it will all have to be gone over. I am not strong enough to work, and we never have a comfortable meal in the house. Oh, dear, what shall I do!"

"Never you mind," said Tom, "I will make the fire, and put on the kettle, and set the table. You can put on the bread and cheese, and we can get along to-night, any way."

"Yes, if baby were only well, and my back did not always ache, and my side did not pain me, and if I did not get the nervous headache so, I could do something. As it is, I am utterly forlorn."

Here the close atmosphere of the room having been vitiated by the smoke issuing in clouds from Tom's mouth, seemed to exercise some deleterious influence upon the sleeping infant. It awoke with a gasping cry, and for a few moments both parents were fully occupied in attending to it.

"Let me carry it," said the father. "It will be easier moving about in my arms."

Tom raised it tenderly, placed its little head upon his shoulder, and began to walk the room. He did not, however, put aside the segar, the fumes issuing from his lips continuing to vitiate the air to such a degree that it proved too much for the sick baby; after a few convulsive movements of the limbs, it swooned away.

"It is dying! My baby is dying!" screamed Milly. "Run for the doctor! Run, Tom."

Tom almost flung the child upon her lap, and ran, only stopping an instant on his way to send in a neighbor to his distracted wife.

In a few minutes the doctor, who chanced to be in his office, arrived. He made a cursory examination, and pronounced it teething; said there was no cause for so much alarm, children were liable to such affections. He would score its gums; which he proceeded to do, internally wondering that they were so slightly swollen; after which he made a prescription, the usual allopathic routine, mercurials, sinapisms, etc.

After the doctor left, the neighbor who had been called in observed: "I am a plain woman, my friends, and have, I suppose, old-fashioned notions; but it seems to me what this baby wants is more fresh air. If I were you I would open the windows for awhile."

This was done, and the child presently revived.

"Dear me, I thank you ever so much for the suggestion, Mrs. Sampson," said Milly, gratefully. "Only see how much better it is. Do stay and have some tea with us."

Mrs. Sampson accepted the invitation so kindly proffered, and stayed. She felt that she could be of use to the young, inexperienced couple before her, for whom her kind heart felt a real compassion. She viewed them as one of the results of the present system of American education and training. So she held the baby while Tom boiled the kettle and assisted Milly to set the table.

Poor Milly, however, evidently worked at a great disadvantage. Her corset and clothes were so tight-fitting that they impeded the motion of her arms. Her bustle and heavy frilled skirts



caused a sensation of heat and constant pain in the back, greatly aggravated by the high heels she wore on her boots—these heels removing the centre of gravity from its natural position, destroyed a proper equilibrium, making locomotion difficult, and were the cause of more internal derangement than we have space to chronicle. Then the hair of this modern martyr was frizzed, plaited and stuck together with dozens of hair-pins, sometimes pressing upon and sticking into her scalp to such a degree that it was no wonder she complained of nervous headache. Still, Milly survived, and, considering the regime to which custom and fashion subjected her, was, like the rest of her sex, one of the wonders of the age we live in. Presently supper was prepared; the tea and toast were excellent, and the cheese and preserves the best of their kind. The two women were mightily refreshed by the comfortable meal. Tom, however, was not; he had been suffering lately with difficulty of digestion. Both Hostetter's and Vinegar Bitters had failed to effect a cure, and in his ignorance of the chemical and physiological effects of tobacco upon the human system, he continued to chew and smoke.

After the tea things were removed, and cleaned up—the windows being fortunately still open from the top—the baby continuing to sleep, they all sat down for a breathing space, when Tom remarked: "It is a pity, Mrs. Sampson, that the organization of American women is so deficient in stamina that they entail such miserable constitutions on their offspring. What a task to raise children now-a-days."

"Then you don't think the fathers have anything to do with this sad and trying fact?" questioned Mrs. Sampson. "I know," she continued, "I know the newspapers teem with axioms on the proper training of girls, but it would be well, in my opinion, if they would turn the tables, and give their attention for a time to the boys. Among other evils, I have read and thought a great deal on the subject of the inveterate chewing and smoking going on around us, and know from its deleterious effects on the human system, that the whole masculine world addicted to its excessive use, is in a process of slow deterioration."

Tom and Milly both laughed. Tom's such an incredulous shout of mocking laughter.

"I know whereof I speak," said Mrs. Sampson, "and could narrate instances which have come under my own observation that would fully confirm all I say. I knew, personally, a gentleman who married a girl brought up on a farm, active and healthy. The man had been using tobacco from a boy of eight years, when he had turned his pockets inside out to prevent his parents discovering the fact. At the time of his marriage, and for years before, he was so addicted to its use that, except when eating, he never had the filthy weed out of his mouth. He was thin, pale, sallow and apparently had very little muscular or physical power. Their eldest child was so feeble from its birth, that at the period when other children are running about, he could not stand alone, and had to be bathed and rubbed with brandy every morning. As it grew older it was pitiful to

see its efforts at play with other children. Every few minutes he would be obliged, from sheer weakness, to sit down and rest. At the age of five or six he died. Several others were born who died in infancy—all weak and puny. One, the youngest, lived to be sixteen, and his physician told me the boy had no constitution; his bones seemed soft, the spinal marrow, the whole nervous system so feeble that tonics were of no avail. The first medical aid in the country was obtained, but failed to detect any organic disease, and the boy died apparently from sheer want of strength enough to live. People talked about the mother, and the way girls were brought up, and groaned over female shortcomings. I do not believe the truth ever occurred to the physicians themselves. This woman had sisters married, not as strong, apparently, as she herself was—their children lived and were healthy."

"That seems to be an extreme case, my dear madam," said Tom, smiling at the preposterous nature of the entire story. "Sometimes, however," he continued, "when I think how my first segar sickened me, I wish it had been my last. I should be sorry, however, to be among the saviors of the race who seem to think physical regeneration means the abolishment of tobacco."

"Not only physical, but mental and moral," replied Mrs. Sampson, earnestly. "It is an acknowledged fact that tobacco, besides doing its part toward lowering the tone of a man's bodily health, deadens his sense of other physical evils—it makes him more indifferent to the quality of the air his family breathe, and to the food they eat. In all the hardship and privation induced by the panic, according to statistics, tobacco sales were the only ones not sensibly diminished! Is not this a sad commentary on the selfishness of the habit? A man has his solace in smoke, whatever the wife and children may lack. There is also, to my mind, a serious question involved in the consequences, as years roll on, of the effect on the brain of a poison that lulls all the noblest faculties to torpor."

"Oh, pshaw!" laughed Tom. "The follies, or whatever you choose to call it, of the men, sink into nothingness beside those of the women. Look at Milly, here. She is a literal martyr to her dress. She can take no real enjoyment in-doors or out, when it is hot or cold, wet or dry, on account of it."

"It is true," assented Mrs. S., "with the majority of women their clothing destroys half the enjoyment in life. In many cases, in walking, one or both hands are required to hold up the skirts—the waist is compressed, the spine heated, the head heavy and many times she is so uncomfortable when arrayed in what is termed 'the fashion,' as to be a burden both to herself and others. Then too much time is occupied in the preparation of dress, to the neglect of better and more useful things. Both sexes require reform. But I must not stay talking here all night. If you should need me, I will come at any time," and Mrs. Sampson took her leave.

"Did you ever hear such absurd nonsense as she talks," cried Tom, as soon as her back was

fairly turned. "Defend me from your blue stocking women. Not but what she said of your con-founded dress was true enough, but her talk about tobacco is about the silliest stuff I ever heard."

"I believe there is some truth in it," returned Milly, secretly nettled at Tom's disparagement of her clothes. "Many babies now-a-days are the poorest, sickly things anybody ever knew. I heard a lady say once that her husband used to smoke and chew until he could hardly remember his own name. She had miserable children, so weak and pale. Yet she used to try her best to make them healthy; she kept them in the open air, fed them the best of food, bathed and worked with them; and she was a sensible woman—"

"Oh! Bah!" interrupted Tom, forgetting in his heat his politeness. "The women are going crazy. It is all themselves. Let them change their own habits."

"Oh, yes, Tom," Milly replied, "it is very well for you to exclaim in that way. There is never a financial crisis that there are not men enough found to cry out at the extravagance of women. Yet, the dear knows, the government is not administered so economically as to reflect much credit on their management. Nor, if the facts were known, do they spend money much more judiciously than we do. Moreover, I read the other day that the tobacco sold in this country for chewing, smoking and snuff, cost two hundred and fifty millions a year!—about seven dollars for every man, woman and child—and the liquor, as far back as 1870, averaged six hundred millions!—about twenty dollars for every man, woman and child. Try as you will, you cannot bring such a frightful array of figures in support of any of our bad habits. For you cannot gainsay the fact, that in all the cities and towns where you find one place fitted up for women to amuse themselves or buy in, you will find ten saloons, restaurants, bar-rooms or seegar stores, where men go to spend their money for things which profit neither body or mind; on the contrary, are a positive injury."

Here the baby commenced to fret, and both parents were too much occupied with its suffering to resume the subject in dispute.

Tom and Milly belonged to the class of persons who join hands, and go out to meet life's vicissitudes with a hearty trust in each other. They expected, as the years went by, to place themselves in a position of comfort or comparative wealth. In order to bring this about, they were both doing the best of which they were capable, according to the light they possessed. Tom had adopted his father's habits. To be sure, he had often heard his mother—who seemed to rate cleanliness next to godliness—he had often heard her say that half her labors consisted in efforts to keep her house and surroundings sweet and clean. The pollution of the air, the defilement of the floors, all the result of a filthy habit, used to worry and vex her, and she would protest against it in the strongest language; but the morality of the thing, or its effects on future generations, he had never heard mentioned.

Milly's case was precisely similar. Her mother and sisters spent half their lives in consulting

fashion-plates, and altering and arranging old and new clothes; and she had unquestioningly followed in their footsteps.

As we before said, both were doing their best in the position in which they were placed, in accordance with the training and education which had been bestowed upon them.

Limited space will not permit me to dwell at length upon their history. They had the advantage of a corner-stone of good practical sense, which may, after the teachings of bitter experience, induce them to take sounder views of life, and bring the wisdom requisite for its true and pure enjoyment.

In conclusion, I would say that attentive and thoughtful observation must convince any one of the truth of what I have stated. Is it not about time that the practical application of hygienic laws, as regards the training of children, were made an important branch of study? The papers are filled with homilies on the rearing of girls. In view of the colorless faces, contracted chests, and the utter want of physical vigor and muscular development in many of the young men and boys of the period, is it not also about time that the fact was made patent that good husbands and fathers are as necessary as good wives and mothers? It is hardly fair for women to be expected to supply all the physical stamina and moral force required in an entire household.

The work of reform must be a mutual one. As Dr. Chalmers once said, "Together they lost Paradise, and together they must regain it."

With the following quotation from high medical authority, we will now leave the subject with our readers: "It has been well said that the cause of half the vice among us the ignorance of parents of the facts that certain nervous and cerebral diseases, transmitted from themselves, tend to make of their children from their birth criminals or drunkards, and that only incessant and skilful care can avert the danger. A man may drink liquor and smoke or chew tobacco moderately, but steadily, all his life, with no apparent harm to himself; but his daughters become nervous wrecks, his sons epileptics, libertines or incurable drunkards, the hereditary tendency to crime having its pathology and unvaried laws precisely as scrofula, consumption or any other purely physical disease. These are stale truths to medical men, but the majority of parents, even those of average intelligence, are either ignorant or wickedly regardless of them."

PHILOSOPHY is a bully that talks very loud when the danger is at a distance, but the moment she is hard pressed by the enemy she is not to be found at her post, but leaves the brunt of the battle to be borne by her humbler but steadier comrade religion, whom on most other occasions she affects to despise.—COLTON.

Or this be certain, that no trade can be so bad as none at all, nor any life as tiresome as that which is spent in continual visiting and dissipation. To give all one's time to other people, and never reserve any for one's self, is to be free in appearance only, and a slave in effect.

## EAGLESCLIFFE.\*

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

## CHAPTER IV.

"YOU will write to Montreal, doctor?" said Miss Hepsey, as they passed into the other room.

"*Deo volente*—God willing," he explained, with an apologetic wave of the hand. "I shall do so this very day. There is no time to be lost."

"But the Major carries the mail, and he will be starting presently. If he does not take the letter it cannot go until Monday, for this is Friday."

"To-morrow will be Saturday," said the doctor, musingly, "which brings the mail down. Sunday it goes neither up nor down. You are right, Miss Hepsibah. I must attend to the matter this moment, if you can furnish me with writing materials; and I trust that in this emergency our good friend, the Major, will delay his departure until I can prepare the letter. Perhaps you will kindly bring the matter to his attention," he added, seating himself at the table, whereon Hepsibah had hastily placed pens, ink and paper, and adjusting his spectacles.

The Major waited willingly—stage-coaches not being bound by the inexorable laws that govern railway travel—while the doctor, in his deliberate, careful, painstaking fashion, covered a page of letter-paper. A rapid penman of the present day would have dashed off a sheet full of angular hieroglyphics in half the time. Then he went over it carefully, seeing that every *i* was dotted, every *t* crossed, and every comma and period in the right place.

It was finished at last, and looked, with its clear, round curves and graceful, sweeping capitals, like a page of elegant copper-plate. Whatever came of the letter, the Montreal dealer would certainly have no difficulty in reading it. Folding and directing it, the doctor handed it to the Major with a courtly bend of the head, which yet could hardly be called a bow.

"I regret that I have been compelled, as it were, to keep you waiting thus long," he said; "but circumstances are imperative. Now what may be the earliest moment at which we may look for a reply?"

"Can't possibly have an answer before the last of next week, doctor. Doubt if you get it then. You see I sha'n't get into Lowbridge before midnight, and there's pretty nigh three good days' staging betwixt that pint and Montreal. You won't hear nothing before Saturday of next week, if you do then. But I must be hurrying along now; so good day to ye all."

He had hardly reached the gate, however, before his ringing voice was heard again.

"Hallo, cap'n! I can see one o' the selectmen as I go through the upper village, or the overseer, it don't make no odds which, far's I know, and send 'em up here, if it'll save you any trouble."

Captain David hesitated a moment.

"Thank you all the same, Major," he said at

last; "but you needn't bother yourself. I shall have chances enough to see 'em. Good-day to you."

"The selectmen?" said Miss Hepsibah, inquiringly. "What in the world do you want of the selectmen, brother David?"

"Why," he answered, slowly, "Major was thinking about the funeral, I s'pose. The poor creetur in yonder has got to be buried. 'Taint no use waiting for her friends."

"That is precisely my own thought," remarked the doctor. "It will not be possible to defer the rites of sepulture until we can hear from them, even if my letter—which is merely catching at a straw—should prove of any avail. She must be buried."

"But not as a pauper! Not by the overseer of the poor!" exclaimed Hepsibah, with wide eyes.

"You don't mean *that*, brother David?"

"Why, I do know. 'Twon't make no difference to her, Hepsy; and she hain't got no claim on us—not a shadow of one," glancing at the doctor.

"No," he replied to the unspoken question, "none whatever. You ministered unto her faithfully in her last hours, giving her more than the 'cup of cold water.' You have done your whole duty as far as she is concerned, Miss Hepsibah."

"But—to be buried as a pauper, in the paupers' corner—buried as if she were some low, wandering tramp, doctor! That is too bad!" said Hepsibah, with a sudden tremble in her voice, while her thin cheeks flushed hotly. "Don't speak of it, brother David?"

"'Twon't make a mite o' difference to her, Hepsy," he repeated, deprecatingly. "She won't know nor care. So what's the odds? A good, nice, respectable funeral costs considerable now—considerable of a sum."

"How much?"

"Oh, I do know exactly. As much as thirty dollars, I guess. Maybe more. More'n I can afford, any how. Crops didn't do well last year, Hepsy; and, as I said, she won't know nor care."

"I don't think we can be sure about that," answered Hepsey, deliberately. "It don't seem to me its any way certain. Maybe dead folks know more than we give them credit for. I shouldn't want to be buried in the paupers' lot, I know! I should rise right up in my coffin."

"Yes, yes, now, I understand all that," said Captain David, soothingly. "But you see, Hepsey, circumstances is different. This woman—"

"Was a lady," interrupted his sister; "a lady and a foreigner in some sore stress of sudden need. Is it not so, doctor? You've travelled and seen the world—something beyond this little corner of it. You've seen all sorts of people, and can judge of them. You know where to place them. Does not everything about this woman, even to her poor, worn clothing, show that she was a lady born and bred?"

She spoke rapidly, eagerly, with a manner strangely shaken from its wonted calm. Evidently she felt deeply with regard to this matter.

"Yes," he answered, "I should say there could be little doubt that she had been delicately nur-

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tured. I judge so not only from her face and general appearance, but from the tones of her voice—its modulations and accents even in such sore extremity. They are—or they were—those of an educated person, a person of culture."

Just then Tryphena came in, with the little boy enthroned in her arms, and stood leaning against the low window in a flood of wintry sunshine. Dr. Mason watched the child for a moment, a smile playing about his lips.

"That little fellow, too, has a certain high-bred air," he continued. "He carries his head as grandly as if he were a prince of the blood. He has about him every mark of gentle breeding."

"One thing is sure as preaching," remarked Tryphena; "his mother's never done much hard work in her day. Her hands are just as white and soft as a baby's, and her feet! I only wish you'd take a look at 'em, Miss Hepsy. They're a sight to behold. I couldn't help telling Phosy they ought to be put on exhibition, they're so small and shapely. I never see such feet!"

"But all this don't make any difference about burying her, not as I see," said the captain. "I ain't hard-hearted, Hepsy, and I'm willing to do all I'd ought to. But it seems to me the town ought to help in such a case as this. 'Tain't my business any more than 'tis other folks; and 'tain't as though I was rich, neither."

"Why!" exclaimed Hepsibah, brightening suddenly, "why, there's 'most thirty dollars in her pocket-book. I never thought of that till this very minute."

"We would make the shroud for nothing—Phosy and I—and be glad to," said Tryphena.

"Yes—and I have a piece of white merino in the house that will just answer for it. And I know old Sargent won't ask anything for digging the grave, if I go to him and tell him all about it. Don't you think we can manage it somehow, brother David?"

"Without the selectmen? Well, I guess we shall have to, if you women folks have got your hearts sot on it, and your minds made up. What do you think about it, doctor?" looking at the minister with a shy laugh.

"Woman rules the world in all minor matters," he answered.

"Such as funerals, and the like!" interpolated Miss Hepsibah, dryly.

The doctor smiled benignantly. "And I was about to add," he went on, "that such being the case, it is well that she generally rules wisely. I should suppose, captain, that the expenses of this funeral could be defrayed as your sister suggests, and perhaps leave a small surplus for the benefit of the child. It will not be necessary to purchase the ground, I presume?"

"There is plenty of room in our lot," Hepsibah said, somewhat timidly.

The lot in the quiet graveyard, where his father and mother, two brothers, the wife of his youth and his one little daughter had lain for many a year, was very sacred in the eyes of Captain David Morris. Hepsibah was trenching on holy ground. Her brother's face grew sternly grave for a minute or two; then its expression changed and softened.

"Well, have it your own way, Hepsy," he said, at length. "Them that are lying there won't be disturbed by a stranger's coming; and when Gabriel's trumpet rouses 'em, it won't matter who's near 'em. There'll be room enough left for you and me—and we are all there is!"

Hastily seizing his hat, he turned to leave the room with some half-inaudible remark about "foddering the cattle." But as he passed Tryphena, who still stood with the child in the flood of golden sunshine, the little fellow stretched out both arms to him.

"Take Tarl," he said. "Poor 'ittle Tarl!"

"Sakes alive!" cried Tryphena, her face crimsoning. "The child's spoken! I guess I feel some as Balaam did. Why, I'm all in a fluster!"

Captain David stood stock-still for an instant, and then put out his hands to take the boy. He, however, abashed by the unaccustomed sound of his own voice, by Tryphena's somewhat boisterous exclamation, and by the eager, inquiring glances of the group that quickly gathered round him, suddenly changed his mind. His startled blue eyes roved from one to another till they rested on Hepsibah. Then with a glad little cry, that was half-way between a laugh and a sob, he sprang into her arms and hid his face on her bosom.

"Hush!" she said, motioning the others back with a warning gesture. "Keep out of his sight, all of you."

She took a low seat by the fire, rocking softly to and fro.

"Take 'who?' she asked. "What did my little boy say? 'Take' 'who?'"

Not another word could be gotten out of him. He shut his eyes tightly, shaking his head till the light golden curls were like an aureole, but coaxing, and entreaties, and gentle scolding were alike in vain. The red lips refused to open.

She gave up at last. "If you had only kept still, Pheny, and not made such an outcry, we should have learned what his name is. Next time—"

"Next time I'll hold my peace," said Pheny.

"It was too bad, Miss Hepsy, but you see I was as much taken aback as if a bird had begun to talk to me, and I spoke right out before I thought. Never mind; he'll forget himself again before a great while, and then we'll try to behave ourselves."

It was but little past noon of the short wintry day. Hardly eighteen hours since the quiet of this small household had been invaded by these unlooked-for guests in whose train Death had so quickly followed. It seemed much longer to Hepsibah. Yesterday seemed a great way off.

#### CHAPTER V.

PHENY and Phosy sat up late that night to make the shroud, two o'clock of the next day being the hour appointed for the funeral.

"I s'pose it's all right, and I haven't a single word to say, seeing it's the doctor's doings," Pheny remarked as she cut a bias fold of the white merino. "But if I had had my way the funeral would have been put off till Sunday. It don't



seem quite respectful to hurry up things so. I never feel as if it was treating a corpse just right to put it under ground before the third day."

"Hand me those snuffers, do, Pheny!" said Phosy, despairingly, as she dropped her arms after a prolonged attempt to thread her needle. "These candles don't give no more light than lightning-bugs. But you know the doctor don't approve of having funerals on the Lord's Day. He thinks it makes too much bustle and confusion. Seems too much like work, most likely. 'Tis rather hard on the ministers—three sermons, and a funeral to boot."

"Well, I believe in keeping the Sabbath day holy, according to Scripture; but burying the dead is one thing, and planting potatoes is another. I mistrust the Lord don't look at 'em in just the same light. But I tell you what, Phosy Greenough, I sha'n't die of a Friday without you'll promise to keep me over till Monday! Remember that, now!"

"Oh, maybe the doctor would bury you on Sunday, just as an accommodation!" said Phosy, with a smothered laugh. "You might make an agreement with him beforehand."

"No; I'll leave that to you. But you just remember one thing, for I'm in dead earnest, Popsy. Don't you let anybody hustle me into the ground in less than thirty-six hours after I'm dead. If you do, I'll appear to you in my grave clothes."

"That don't scare me a mite, Pheny," she answered, with a sudden change of tone and manner; "not a mite nor grain. It's the *not* seeing you that I'm afraid of! That's what scares me," and for just one instant she leaned over and laid her brown hand on Tryphena's. They were not demonstrative, these two sisters. They seldom kissed each other. They had never learned how to speak the tender words that to many lips are as a native language. Yet, doubtless, Tryphena's "Popsy"—her one pet name for Tryphosa, and that a relic of their childhood—meant as much as "darling" or "heart's delight," from other tongues.

Now she leaned over in her turn, and returned the slight caress. "Don't worry, Popsy," she said. "God will take care of all that. We came together, and I guess He'll see that we go together. At any rate, we'll hope so."

The funeral was over. Hepsibah had had her own way, and the "stranger that was within her gates" had received precisely the same simple yet decorous burial that would, in all human probability, be one day given to herself. She had followed the Golden Rule literally, and "done as she would be done by." The golden-haired Barbara slept in the plain but softly-lined coffin, as peacefully as if the hands of her own kindred had laid her there. Very beautiful she seemed to the curious yet kindly eyes that looked upon her ere the lid was closed. The soft, clinging folds of the white merino lay tenderly about her, a dainty crimped ruffle encircled her throat, and although it was not the custom in Eaglescliffe to place flowers about the dead, Hepsibah, with a strange swelling of her heart and sudden moisture in her eyes, had gathered two half-opened buds from her

white rose-bush and laid them on her breast. They were very unobtrusive, with the two or three spicy geranium leaves; and she half hoped no one would notice them. She half feared "the folks" would think it silly or sentimental. But why should she care if they did? She did not put them there for herself, or in her own name, but in the stead of those far over the seas, who must have loved this fair, sweet woman, and whose souls even now might be reaching out after her in an agony of hopeless yearning.

When the sober, reverent procession reached the graveyard, it cannot be denied that there was an interchange of surprised and questioning glances. The Morrises had been a "real clannish set" always, said the good people of Eaglescliffe; kindly, and social, and helpful as neighbors, but yet "setting great store" by their own family, their own flesh and blood. With all their homely ways of speech and manner, they were, after a certain fashion, as exclusive as any Howard or McGreggor. No one thought they would make a grave for this unknown, unnamed stranger at the feet of their own mother, where her dust should mingle with theirs till the resurrection morning!

But they did. Perhaps Hepsibah herself had her own doubts as to how this intrusion would have pleased her mother. There was a little vein of superstition lurking unsuspected in one corner of her heart; and a quick shiver, for which the keen, wintry air was not alone responsible, ran through her frame as they approached the grave. The sky was overhung by dull, gray clouds; a moaning wind swept through the pine boughs; the marble headstones looked weird and ghostly, and the snow which had been removed to make a place for the grave, was heaped upon either side in great, discolored mounds. Nature gave but a cold welcome to the new-comer.

But just as, with slow and careful hands, the bearers were lowering the coffin, a sudden burst of sunshine illumined the place. Hepsibah looked up and around her. There was a rift in the clouds through which the long, slanting sunbeams poured, wrapping the two graves, her mother's and the stranger's, in a common glory. All else was in shadow as before.

"I will take it for a sign," Hepsibah whispered to herself. "'He maketh His sun to shine' upon them both, and they are both His children, the work of His hand."

Nothing had been said, meanwhile, as to the future disposition of the child. As if by common consent that question had been silently put aside for the present. Tryphena and Tryphosa remained at the house after the coffin had been carried out, to take care of him, and to restore everything to its normal condition. When Captain David and Hepsibah returned from the place of graves, all vestiges of its late occupant had been removed from the front room. The ghostly white coverings had disappeared; the books and trifling ornaments had been brought back, and the warm red of the table-cover again grew bright in the golden glow streaming in at the west window. The sun was setting gloriously after the dark and gloomy day.

Hepsibah glanced about her as she took off her bonnet, a look of relief stealing into her soft eyes.

"You are so good, girls," she said. "Everything is in place again. I should think it was all a troubled dream if it were not for this little fellow."

He was sitting at that moment just where she had placed him when he was first brought into the house—in the low rocking-chair by the kitchen fire, watching the flames with grave, thoughtful eyes. At the sound of her voice he turned slowly, and reaching out his arms without any pretense of a smile, said distinctly: "Take Tarl."

She knelt down quietly, putting her arms around him, and kissing the small, upturned face.

"Take who?" she asked.

"Tarl."

"Take Charley? Is that it?"

"No! no!" shaking his head vehemently.

"Tarl! Tarl!"

The girls, hearing the little voice, had crept silently out of the front room, and stood in the doorway with their fingers on their lips.

"Charles," said Tryphena, in a low voice.

"Try that. Perhaps he was never called Charles."

"Charles?" asked Hepsibah, in response to this suggestion. "Take little Charles?"

"No! no!" he repeated. "Mamma say Tarl! Tarl wants mamma!"

She caught him up, her own eyes filling as the child's lips quivered.

"Tarl shall see his mamma by and by," she said. "Oh, I hope he won't think about her, and grieve after her! It would be too hard, and he such a little fellow. He must have some playthings, Pheny; and this house is as bare as old Mother Hubbard's cupboard! Get a bright tin basin and two or three clothes-pins for him."

"Children like spoons—empty ones," said Tryphena, wisely. "Or buttons strung on a string."

"Yes. Get something. It don't matter what. He has been so quiet, I haven't thought of playthings before," and Hepsibah looked around as if expecting to discover dolls, Noah's Arks and tin soldiers in every corner.

"Seems to me I saw some toys in the trunk—his mother's trunk," said Tryphena. "Wouldn't he feel more at home if he had things he's been used to?"

"Of course he would. Here's the key. That's a bright idea, Pheny! Bring them as soon as you can."

She came back in a little while with her apron full of inexpensive toys—badly battered, most of them—and the little china mug in her hand.

"Here's his cup, too," she said. "He will like that for his milk."

The child's eyes brightened, and he stretched out both hands eagerly.

"Tarl's twumpet!" he cried, seizing the shining bauble and putting the mouthpiece to his lips. "Tarl make moosic!"

He blew two or three blasts upon his "twumpet," so shrill and resounding that the three women involuntarily clapped their hands to their

ears, and then laughed delightedly. Then he caught up an armless doll, and hugged it to his breast, rocking to and fro and singing. In a moment he had struggled to the floor, and was trying to gather them all in his arms at once.

"Go find mamma," he said, sententiously. "Mamma want to see Tarl's dolly!"

The door opened, and Captain David came in, his face still wearing the quiet gravity it had worn in the churchyard.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, a slow smile stealing over it as he took in the scene. "I guess our little chap's woke up! Found his tongue, hain't he?"

"Yes; and his playthings, too. It's hard to tell which he's best pleased with," answered Hepsibah. "But we can't make out what his name is. Ask him, cap'n."

Captain David obeyed, prefacing the question with sundry well-timed overtures as to a paper of candy he drew from his pocket.

"Got it for him this morning," he said, half-apologetically, as he met his sister's wondering glance; "and then forgot all about it."

"But, brother David, candy isn't good for babies!" she exclaimed, with a distressed face. "Seems to me I wouldn't give it to him. It's bad for his teeth."

"Nonsense! I'll risk 'em—such a little row of hard, white nutcrackers as his'n," and sitting down, he drew the child, dolly, trumpet, and all, between his knees, and popped a lemon-drop into his mouth. "Now, sir, tell us what your name is."

"Name Tarl," said the child, emphatically, eyeing the paper of candy, with his head on one side. "Oo say it too much!"

"Guess you'll have to give it up," the captain remarked, with a low laugh. "I can't make anything out of it but 'Tarl,' and there ain't no such name as that. Might be short for Terrill, or Talbot, or something or other of that sort, I s'pose," he continued, speculatively.

The child evidently understood thoroughly what question was being discussed. He shook his head in a sort of smothered passion.

"Name Tarl!" he repeated. "Tarl! Tarl!"

"He sha'n't be teased any more," said Hepsibah, coming to the rescue. "Put up your candy, cap'n. He's had enough for once, that's certain; and now he must have his supper and go to bed."

"And we must be going home," said Tryphena. "Phosy's set the table, and there's hot biscuits in the oven, and stewed apples and gingerbread in the pantry; so you won't have anything to do but just to steep the tea when you get ready for it. I'll get the milk for the baby, and then we'll say good-night."

She took the china mug from the mantelpiece, and presently brought it back filled to the brim. The little fellow began to jump as soon as he saw it.

"Tarl's cup!" he cried. "Tarl's cup!"

Hepsibah held it a moment, looking at the delicately-painted wreath of roses and violets that encircled the brim. Then her eyes fell lower, and she gave a little cry of surprise and pleasure.

"See there!" she exclaimed, holding it out for inspection. "Do you see those gilt letters on the side? K-a-r-l, Karl! That's the name! I've seen it in books many a time. Oh, the little darling! he did know what his name was, didn't he?"

"Name Tarl!" he repeated, exultantly, "name Tarl!"

"Strange I didn't notice it myself," said Tryphena, examining the pretty cup curiously. "I saw there was some painted flowers and things on it, but never thought o' looking to see what."

Tryphosa drew near, bonnet in hand.

"It's unlucky the whole name ain't there," she remarked. "Most likely he's got another, and you don't know what that is yet," and with this closing observation the sisters trotted off home.

"Karl—Karl," said the captain, thoughtfully, as if trying the sound of the unfamiliar monosyllable. "If it was Charles, now, or even Carlos, I could make something of it. But Karl! It sounds kind of foreign and heathenish, seems to me. See here, Hepsy! Maybe it's short for Carleton? That's a respectable sort of a name, now—kind of human."

Hepsibah shook her head.

"No, brother David, it's just Karl. It is a German name, and doesn't sound strangely to me; neither will it to you when you get used to it. I think it is very soft and sweet."

"What do you suppose is going to become of the little chap, any how?" asked Captain David, watching his sister as she unlaced the child's shoes and took off his stockings.

"Oh, I don't know! Most likely we shall learn something about his folks when the doctor gets an answer to his letter. Maybe they'll come after him. I expect they will."

The captain looked at her with a queer expression as she cuddled the child in her arms, her lips touching the soft yellow curls, while she hummed snatches of some dimly-remembered lullaby.

"Women is curious creeturs," he said, at length. "Now, I thought having a baby in the house would put you out dreadfully. But you take to it just as natural as life. Anybody'd think to see you sit there rocking him, that the little tomtit belonged to you."

Hepsibah colored a little, holding the baby closer. But she said nothing. Pretty soon she carried him up-stairs and put him in her own bed. He was fast asleep.

## CHAPTER VI.

FOR more than a week had Hepsibah looked from the window every half hour, in the vain expectation of seeing Dr. Mason walk up the snow-covered road, his tall figure wrapped in his dark blue broadcloth cloak, with its broad velvet collar, and his gold-headed cane tramping bravely at his side. Not that he needed it as a support, his frame being still unbent and vigorous; but he must have found it a good comrade, for he made it his inseparable companion.

Every night during the same length of time, too, Hepsibah had said: "Brother David, don't

you think you'd better just step down to the doctor's, and see if that letter hasn't come?"

The "step" was a good mile and a quarter.

And just as often the captain had answered: "Well, really, now, Hepsy, I don't believe it'll pay. The doctor'll be sure to let us know just as soon as ever it comes, for it stands to reason that we should be anxious. I hate to seem to be a-crowding of him. It's pretty hard on you to have that child a-hanging on to you night and day, though; and if you say the word I'll get somebody else to take him now. You've done your share, and no mistake. There's the widow Smith. The town'll pay expenses, and I shouldn't wonder if she'd be glad to make a little money. What say, Hepsy?"

That is, he had made the first half of this speech. The last half he had added during the second week, when he began to see, or to fancy, that Hepsy looked a little worn, and perhaps a trifle sadder than her wont. It was very evident to him that, as he said to one or two of the neighbors, "being broken of her rest nights, and having so many extra steps to take daytimes, was kind o' wearing on Hepsy."

"Widow Smith, indeed!" Hepsibah would reply. "She hasn't heart enough to take care of a chicken, to say nothing of a baby. And as for my being broken of my rest, the little fellow sleeps like a kitten all night long and never wakes up till morning. I'll keep him a spell longer, brother David!"

"All right, Hepsy. I was only speaking for your good. Well, if we don't hear anything from the doctor to-morrow, I'll go and see him after sundown."

But the next day as Hepsibah turned the heel of a suspiciously small stocking, and the little Karl played contentedly beside her, Dr. Mason appeared. An anxious flush tinged her thin cheeks, and she could hardly wait as he made his usual courteous salutations and deliberately divested himself of hat, cloak and muffler.

"The child has thriven under your care, Miss Hepsibah; he has more color and is in every way improved. Truly, in his case, we may say that in the midst of wrath the Lord has remembered mercy!" he said, taking the large arm-chair she hastened to bring forward.

"Have you heard anything, doctor?" she asked, tremulously. "Is there a letter?"

"There is, at last," he answered, drawing a badly-folded, soiled, and crumpled document from his pocket. "There is a letter, but I regret to say it conveys to us no information whatever. The writer (who is evidently very illiterate, his chirography being simply scandalous, and his orthography shamefully at fault,) informs me that he knows nothing of the woman in question, unless it may be that on two or three different times during the autumn and early winter, a person answering to the description given of her, brought to his shop sundry articles of second-hand wearing apparel, which he bought; but as to her name, or residence, he is entirely ignorant. He thinks, though he is by no means sure, that at a later date the same person sent to him, by the hands of

a drayman, a few bits of household furniture and bedding, which he also purchased. He proceeds to say that he keeps no record of such transactions, and indeed that he has no very distinct recollections as to the matter, but merely gives me the benefit of his impressions. This is the substance of what the letter contains, Miss Hepsibah, stripped of its superfluous verbiage and made presentable."

She drew a long breath as she lifted Karl from the floor, and brushed back the hair that had fallen over his forehead.

"Then we are not a whit wiser than we were a fortnight ago?" she asked.

"Not a whit. Even if I were to undertake the long journey to Montreal myself (which I feel hardly equal to at this inclement season, and at my time of life—for I am older than I once was, Miss Hepsibah!)—even if I were to undertake it myself, I can see no likelihood of success. We have no clue."

Hepsibah remained lost in thought for a full minute.

"There's the drayman," she said at length. "He might know something."

"Pardon me," rejoined the doctor; "I omitted to say that the writer of this letter states that the drayman in question was a stranger to him, and that in the course of their interview he incidentally remarked that he was about to leave the city. But I have a thought, Miss Hepsibah. I will at once take measures to have inserted in the two leading papers of Montreal, and also of New York, a minute account of this whole affair. If she has friends in either place, it can hardly fail to reach them. If, on the other hand, the expedient should fail, I know of nothing else that we can do. I have great hopes, however, that it *will* succeed, and that this little child may not only soon be restored to the arms of his natural guardians, but that you may be relieved of an unexpected burden."

The doctor was disappointed.

The plan was immediately put into execution, and in less than a week a full account of the woman's death and burial, with details concerning the inscription on the ring, the contents of the trunk and pocket-book, and, more than all, the appearance and name of the child, appeared in four prominent journals. But nothing came of it; and when a whole month had passed, all the parties interested made up their minds that nothing would ever come of it, and that this last expedient was a failure.

Meanwhile the little Karl, wrapped about and guarded by the merciful ignorance of babyhood, played serenely on, neither knowing nor caring that his fate hung in the balance. Sometimes, it is true, he asked for his mother, but not often. Sometimes, looking about with a bewildered air, he would oracularly announce that "mamma" was "all gone;" and once, a sudden step startling him, he threw down his beloved dolly, and stood, his blue eyes dilating, watching the door in an attitude of eager expectancy. Then, when no one came, the light faded out of the sparkling face, the pretty mouth quivered, and a forlorn little figure

crept silently to Hepsibah's side, and laid its head in her lap.

She told her brother of it that night as they sat by the fire. Karl had gone to bed, but his little white kitten lay curled upon the hearth, and a heap of toys under Miss Hepsy's work-table were mute reminders of him.

Captain David moved uneasily in his arm-chair, and leaning forward, he gave the fire such vigorous punches as to send a shower of sparks up the wide chimney before he answered.

"Poor little fellow!" he said at length, settling back again with a shrug of his broad shoulders. "It'll come pretty hard on him having to be sent to the poor-house, Hepsy. Did the doctor say anything about it when he was here to-day?"

"Yes," she answered, tremulously. "He said all that remained now was to make some provision for the child, and he presumed the town would attend to that."

"Well, yes, I s'pose so," said the captain. "Fact is, the selectmen were speaking to me about it this very morning. They said they was willing and ready to do all that belonged to 'em; and I s'pose there ain't no question as to what that is. Sooner he goes the better, too, if he's a-going. Ain't it?" he added, after a minute or two, as she did not speak.

Hepsibah looked up suddenly; an anxious flush had risen to her forehead, and her eyes were filled with a yearning passion. But the captain did not see it. He had turned his face in the opposite direction, and was apparently giving a critical examination to the whiplash he was braiding.

"Ain't it?" he repeated. "May as well go first as last. There! I call that a pretty good piece of work," snapping the whip vigorously. "Just as good as new, that snapper is."

He hung the whip behind the wood-shed door, and came back to his place by the fire, standing on the hearth with his hands behind him.

"The coldest o' the weather's about over," he said, "and spring'll be along before a great while. It's real pleasant up at the Town Farm in the summer-time. Tom Jones and Mis' Jones keep things up snug and comfortable. I drove round there t'other day to see for myself. Truth is, Hepsy, I hain't had much of an idee we should find his folks from the first on't."

"Nor have I. Well, Mrs. Jones is a good woman," Hepsibah said, with a tremor in her voice, and her eyes fixed on her knitting-work. "She'll do—"

What, remains unknown to this day. The captain did not notice the sudden break, nor the trembling lips that refused to utter another syllable.

"Yes," he rejoined, brightening up wonderfully, "Mis' Jones is a first-rate of a woman—first-rate. Couldn't be no better one found for just that very place. And, as I say, sooner he goes the better. Much of anything to do to get him ready, Hepsy?"

"No," she answered, "nothing to speak of."

"Because," he went on, "I talked it all over with the selectmen and the overseer, and they kind o' concluded I'd better take him over to the

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Farm myself. Thought maybe he might cry, or something, if strange folks came after him, and they don't want no row. So I agreed to it. Guess I may as well take him up to-morrow, if it don't storm. To-day's been kind of a weather-breeder, though."

Hepsibah did not answer by so much as a glance. She sat as if turning to stone, her fingers moving more and more slowly, and her eyes fixed on the glowing embers. The flush had died away, and her pale face had grown even paler than its wont. The muscles of her throat swelled, and she put up one hand to clasp it with a quick, convulsive motion.

"Well, good-night," said the captain, lighting his candle. "Guess I'll go to bed, for I've got to be up bright and early to-morrow morning. Maxham's coming to drive away those heifers. Good-night, Hepsy!"

"Good-night," she answered, without turning her face toward him. The captain shook his head as he went into his bed-room and shut the door.

"Time he went," he muttered to himself. "High time. Hepsy's getting clear worn out. It comes hard on her—beginning to take care o' babies at her time o' life."

Hepsibah sat without moving for half an hour, scarcely turning her eyes from the hearth where the coals grew dimmer and dimmer, a coat of white ashes gathering over them. At last she shivered, and looked about her. It was ten o'clock.

"Oh, well!" she said, with a long breath, but so softly even her ears hardly caught the sound. She drew her shawl closer, covered the fire and went up-stairs. There she hurriedly undressed and crept into bed by the side of the little Karl. She was so cold—cold all the way through, she thought. But how warm and rosy he was—such a dimpled little creature, all warmth and flushes.

The full moon shone in through the half-drawn curtains, making the room almost as light as day. The hungry look in Hepsibah's soft, gray eyes deepened, as she lay apart upon her pillow and watched the child; but it grew almost fierce as at length, with a smothered cry that was half a sob, she caught him in her arms, showering kisses upon the upturned face.

It did not waken him. He smiled in his sleep, murmuring some broken, baby words, and then his head, heavy with the weight of slumber, drooped upon her shoulder, and his little soft hand, wandering vaguely about, found its way between the folds of her night-gown and nestled softly on her breast.

The late dawn of the winter morning was kindling in the east before she slept.

There were dark circles about her eyes, and her face looked strangely wan, when Captain David answered her summons and came in to his breakfast.

"I am afraid you are hungry," she said, as he took his seat. "I overslept this morning, and breakfast is late."

"Underslept, more likely," he answered, with a half growl. "You're white as a sheet—look as if you hadn't slept two winks."

Inwardly he congratulated himself as he ate his sausage and buckwheat cakes, that this business was pretty near at an end. Congratulated himself, too, on his foresight and promptness of action.

"Might have hung along by the gills for two or three months, fur's I know, if I hadn't taken right hold of the matter. But I saw't Hepsy couldn't stand it. It's wearing on her out."

(To be continued.)

## NO TIME FOR TROUBLE.

BY IRENE L—.

MRS. CALDWELL was so unfortunate as to have a rich husband. Not that the possession of a rich husband is to be declared a misfortune, *per se*, but, considering the temperament of Mrs. Caldwell, the fact was against her happiness, and therefore is to be regarded, taking the ordinary significance of the term, as unfortunate.

Wealth gave Mrs. Caldwell leisure for ease and luxurious self-indulgence, and she accepted the privileges of her condition. Some minds, when not under the spur, sink naturally into a state of inertia, from which, when any touch of the spur reaches them, they spring up with signs of fretfulness. The wife and mother, no matter what her condition, who yields to this inertia, cannot escape the spur. Children and servant, excepting all other causes, will not spare the pricking heel.

Mrs. Caldwell was, by nature, a kind-hearted woman, and not lacking in good sense. And though the mother of three children, still young-looking, and still beautiful. Indeed, strangers who saw her in company with her oldest daughter, a tall girl in her fifteenth year, took the latter for a younger sister. But for the misfortune of having a rich husband, she might have spent an active, useful, happy life. It was the opportunity which abundance gave for idleness and ease that marred everything. Order in a household, and discipline among children, do not come spontaneously. They are the result of wise forecast, and patient, untiring, never-relaxing effort. A mere conviction of duty is rarely found to be sufficient incentive; there must be the impelling force of some strong-handed necessity. In the case of Mrs. Caldwell, this did not exist; and so she failed in the creation of that order in her family without which permanent tranquillity is impossible. In all lives are instructive episodes, and interesting as instructive. Let us take one of them from the life of this lady, whose chief misfortune was in being rich.

Mrs. Caldwell's brow was clouded. It was never, for a very long time, free from clouds, for it seemed as if all sources of worry and vexation were on the increase; and, to make matters worse, patience was assuredly on the decline. Little things, once scarcely observed, now gave sharp annoyance, there being rarely any discrimination as to whether they were of accident, neglect or wilfulness.

"Phoebe!" she called, fretfully.

The voice of her daughter answered, half-indifferently, from the next room.

"Why don't you come when I call you?" Anger now mingled with fretfulness.

The face of a girl, on which sat no amiable expression, was presented at the door.

"Is that your cloak lying across the chair, and partly on the floor?"

Phoebe, without answering, crossed the room, and catching up the garment with as little carelessness as if it had been an old shawl, threw it across her arm, and was retiring, when her mother said, sharply: "Just see how you are rumpling that cloak! What do you mean?"

"I'm not hurting the cloak, mother," answered Phoebe, coolly. Then, with a shade of reproof, she added: "You fret yourself for nothing."

"Do you call it nothing to abuse an elegant garment like that?" demanded Mrs. Caldwell. "To throw it upon the floor, and tumble it about as if it were an old rag?"

"All of which, mother mine, I have not done." And the girl tossed her head with an air of light indifference.

"Don't talk to me in that way, Phoebe! I'll not suffer it. You are forgetting yourself." The mother spoke with a sternness of manner that caused her daughter to remain silent. As they stood looking at each other, Mrs. Caldwell said, in a changed voice: "What is that on your front tooth?"

"A speck of something, I don't know what; I noticed it only yesterday."

Mrs. Caldwell crossed the room hastily, with a disturbed manner, and catching hold of Phoebe's arm, drew her to a window.

"Let me see!" and she looked narrowly at the tooth. "Decay, as I live!" The last sentence was uttered in a tone of alarm. "You must go to the dentist immediately. This is dreadful! If your teeth are beginning to fail now, you'll not have one left in your head by the time you're twenty-five."

"It's only a speck," said Phoebe, evincing little concern.

"A speck! And do you know what a speck means?" demanded Mrs. Caldwell, with no change in the troubled expression of her face.

"What does it mean?" asked Phoebe.

"Why, it means that the quality of your teeth is not good. One speck is only the herald of another. Next week a second tooth may show signs of decay, and a third in the week afterwards. Dear-dear! This is too bad! The fact is, you are destroying your health. I've talked and talked about the way you devour candies and sweetmeats; about the way you sit up at night, and about a hundred other irregularities. There must be a change in all this, Phoebe, as I've told you dozens and dozens of times."

Mrs. Caldwell was growing more and more excited.

"Mother! mother!" replied Phoebe, "don't fret yourself for nothing. The speck can be removed in an instant."

"But the enamel is destroyed! Don't you see that? Decay will go on."

"I don't believe that follows at all," answered Phoebe, tossing her head, indifferently. "And

even if I believed in the worst, I'd find more comfort in laughing than crying." And she ran off to her own room.

Poor Mrs. Caldwell sat down to brood over this new trouble; and as she brooded, fancy wrought for her the most unpleasing images. She saw the beauty of Phoebe, a few years later in life, most sadly marred by broken or discolored teeth. Looking at that, and that alone, it magnified itself into a calamity, grew to an evil which overshadowed everything.

She was still tormenting herself about the prospect of Phoebe's loss of teeth, when, in passing through her elegantly-furnished parlors, her eyes fell on a pale acid stain, about the size of a shilling piece, on one of the rich figures in the carpet. The color of this figure was maroon, and the stain, in consequence, distinct; at least, it became very distinct to her eyes as they dwelt upon it as if held there by a kind of fascination. Indeed, for a while, Mrs. Caldwell could see nothing else but this spot on the carpet; no, not even though she turned her eyes in various directions, the retina keeping that image to the exclusion of all others.

While yet in the gall of this new bitterness, Mrs. Caldwell heard a carriage stop in front of the house, and, glancing through the window, saw that it was on the opposite side of the street. She knew it to be the carriage of a lady whose rank made her favor a desirable thing to all who were emulous of social distinction. To be of her set was a coveted honor. For her friend and neighbor opposite, Mrs. Caldwell did not feel the highest regard; and it rather hurt her to see the first call made in that quarter, instead of upon herself. It was no very agreeable thought, that this lady-queen of fashion, so much courted and regarded, might really think most highly of her neighbor opposite. To be second to her, touched the quick of pride, and hurt.

Only a card was left. Then the lady re-entered her carriage. What? Driving away? Even so. Mrs. Caldwell was not even honored by a call! This was penetrating the quick. What could it mean? Was she to be ruled out of this lady's set? The thought was like a wounding arrow to her soul.

Unhappy Mrs. Caldwell! Her daughter's careless habits; the warning sign of decay among her pearly teeth; the stain on a beautiful carpet, and, worse than all as a pain-giver, this slight from a magnate of fashion;—were not these enough to cast a gloom over the state of a woman who had everything towards happiness that wealth and social station could give, but did not know how to extract from them the blessing they had power to bestow? Slowly, and with oppressed feelings, she left the parlors, and went up-stairs. Half an hour later, as she stood leaning against a window, but not seeing the beauty that lay stretched before her, because engaged in the miserable work of weaving out of the lightest material a very pall of shadows for her soul, a servant came to the door, and announced a visitor. It was an intimate friend, whom she could not refuse to see—a lady named Mrs. Bland.

"How are you, Mrs. Caldwell?" said the visitor, as the two ladies met.

"Miserable," was answered. And not even the ghost of a smile played over the unhappy face.

"Are you sick?" asked Mrs. Bland, showing some concern.

"No, not exactly sick. But, somehow or other, I'm in a worry about things all the while. I can't move a step in any direction without coming against the pricks. It seems as though all things were conspiring against me."

And then Mrs. Caldwell went, with her friend, through the whole series of her morning troubles, ending with the sentence,—"Now, don't you think I am beset? Why, Mrs. Bland, I'm in purgatory."

"A purgatory of your own creating, my friend," answered Mrs. Bland, with the plainness of speech warranted by the intimacy of their friendship; "and my advice is to come out of it as quickly as possible."

"Come out of it! That is easily said. Will you show me the way?"

"At some other time, perhaps. But this morning I have something else on hand. I've called for you to go with me on an errand of mercy."

There was no Christian response in the face of Mrs. Caldwell. She was too deep amid the gloom of her own wretched state to have sympathy for others.

"Mary Brady is in trouble," said Mrs. Bland.

"What has happened?" Mrs. Caldwell was alive with interest in a moment.

"Her husband fell through a hatchway yesterday, and came near being killed."

"Mrs. Bland!"

"The escape was miraculous."

"Is he badly injured?"

"A leg and two ribs broken. Nothing more, I believe. But that is a very serious thing, especially where the man's labor is his family's sole dependence."

"Poor Mary!" said Mrs. Caldwell, in real sympathy. "In what a dreadful state she must be! I pity her from the bottom of my heart."

"Put on your things, and let us go and see her at once."

Now, it is never a pleasant thing for persons like Mrs. Caldwell to look other people's troubles directly in the face. It is bad enough to dwell among their own pains and annoyances, and they shrink from meddling with another's griefs. But, in the present case, Mrs. Caldwell, moved by a sense of duty and a feeling of interest in Mrs. Brady, who had, years before, been a faithful domestic in her mother's house, was constrained to overcome all reluctance, and join her friend in the proposed visit of mercy.

"Poor Mary! What a state she must be in!"

Three or four times did Mrs. Caldwell repeat this sentence, as they walked toward that part of the town in which Mrs. Brady resided. "It makes me sick at heart to think of it," she added.

At last they stood at the door of a small brick house, in a narrow street, and knocked. Mrs.

Caldwell dreaded to enter, and even shrank a little behind her friend when she heard a hand on the lock. It was Mary who opened the door—Mary Brady, with scarcely a sign of change in her countenance, except that it was a trifle paler.

"Oh! Come in!" she said, a smile of pleasure brightening over her face. But Mrs. Caldwell could not smile in return. It seemed to her as if it would be a mockery of the trouble which had come down upon that humble dwelling.

"How is your husband, Mary?" she asked, with a solemn face, as soon as they had entered. "I only heard a little while ago of this dreadful occurrence."

"Thank you, ma'am," replied Mrs. Brady, her countenance hardly falling to a serious tone in its expression. "He's quite comfortable to-day; and it's such a relief to see him out of pain. He suffered considerably through the night, but fell asleep just at day dawn, and slept for several hours. He awoke almost entirely free from pain."

"There are no internal injuries, I believe," said Mrs. Bland.

"None, the doctor says. And I'm so thankful. Broken bones are bad enough, and it is hard to see as kind and good a husband as I have suffer,"—Mary's eyes grew wet—"but they will knit and become strong again. When I think how much worse it might have been, I am condemned for the slightest murmur that escapes my lips."

"What are you going to do, Mary?" asked Mrs. Caldwell. "Your husband won't be fit for work in a month, and you have a good many mouths to fill."

"A woman's wit and a woman's will can do a great deal," answered Mrs. Brady, cheerfully. "You see"—pointing to a table, on which lay a bundle—"that I have already been to the tailor's for work. I'm a quick sewer, and not afraid but what I can earn sufficient to keep the pot boiling until John is strong enough to go to work again. 'Where there's a will there's a way,' Mrs. Caldwell. I've found that true so far, and I reckon it will be true to the end. John will have a good resting spell, poor man! And, dear knows, he's a right to have it, for he's worked hard, and with scarcely a holiday, since we were married."

"Well, well, Mary," said Mrs. Caldwell, in manifest surprise, "you beat me out! I can't understand it. Here you are, under circumstances that I should call of a most distressing and disheartening nature, almost as cheerful as if nothing had happened. I expected to find you overwhelmed with trouble, but, instead, you are almost as tranquil as a June day."

"The truth is," replied Mrs. Brady, drawing, almost for shame, a veil of sobriety over her face, "I've had no time to be troubled. If I'd given up, and set myself down with folded hands, no doubt I should have been miserable enough. But that isn't my way, you see. Thinking about what I shall do, and then doing it, keep me so well employed, that I don't get opportunity to look on the dark side of things. And what would be the use? There's always a bright side as well as a dark side, and I'm sure it's pleasanter to be

on the bright side, if we can get there; and I always try to manage it, somehow."

"Your secret is worth knowing, Mary," said Mrs. Bland.

"There's no secret about it," answered the poor woman, "unless it be in always keeping busy. As I said just now, I've no time to be troubled, and so trouble, after knocking a few times at my door, and not gaining admittance, passes on to some other that stands ajar—and there are a great many such. The fact is, trouble don't like to crowd in among busy people, for they jostle her about, and never give her a quiet resting-place, and so she soon departs, and creeps in among the idle ones. I can't give any better explanation, Mrs. Bland."

"Nor, maybe, could the wisest philosopher that lives," returned that lady.

The two friends, after promising to furnish Mrs. Brady with an abundance of lighter and more profitable sewing than she had obtained at a clothier's, and saying and doing whatever else they felt to be best under the circumstances, departed. For the distance of a block they walked in silence. Mrs. Caldwell spoke first.

"I am rebuked," she said; "rebuked, as well as instructed. Above all places in the world, I least expected to receive a lesson there."

"Is it not worth remembering?" asked the friend.

"I wish it were engraved in ineffaceable characters on my heart. Ah, what a miserable self-tormentor I have been! The door of my heart stands always ajar, as Mary said, and trouble comes gliding in at all times, without so much as

a knock to herald his coming. I must shut and bar the door!"

"Shut it, and bar it, my friend!" answered Mrs. Bland. "And when trouble knocks, say to her that you are too busy with orderly and useful things—too earnestly at work in discharging dutiful obligations, in the larger sphere, which, by virtue of larger means, is yours to work in—to have any leisure for her poor companionship, and she will not tarry on your threshold. Throw to the winds such light causes of unhappiness as were suffered to depress you this morning, and they will be swept away like thistle down."

"Don't speak of them. My cheek burns at the remembrance," said Mrs. Caldwell.

They now stood at Mrs. Caldwell's door.

"You will come in?"

"No. The morning has passed, and I must return home."

"When shall I see you?" Mrs. Caldwell grasped tightly her friend's hand.

"In a day or two."

"Come to-morrow, and help me to learn in this new book that has been opened. I shall need a wise and a patient teacher. Come, good, true, kind friend!"

"Give yourself no time for trouble," said Mrs. Bland, with a tender, encouraging smile. "Let true thoughts and useful deeds fill all your hours. This is the first lesson. Well in the heart, and all the rest is easy."

And so Mrs. Caldwell found it. The new life she strove to lead was easy just in the degree she lived in the spirit of this lesson, and hard just in the degree of her departure.

## Home-Life and Character.

### POTTSVILLE PAPERS.

BY PIPSISSIWAY POTTS.

No. 2.

IF any of you women readers were in my room this morning, you would hear a quick spring step out in the kitchen, then in the pantry, sitting-room, bed-room, then out on the porches; and you would say, perhaps, that no member of the deacon's family had that smart step, as the deacon himself was well up in years, Pipey was beginning to feel old and "stiddy," and you always thought those petted girls were rather poky.

I take no offence at your free expression, but beg leave to inform you that the tripping step is that of the little sister who was languishing on a sick bed when I wrote the article preceding this—our beloved Ida.

Oh, I remember how the tears blinded me! and how I wept softly as I took up that task with such a heavy heart! And then when I thought of the few weeks that would intervene before I would write this, and the bereavement that meantime would come to us, I cried aloud in bitter anguish. But she is spared to us, and this morning she is

stepping, now here, now there, with her sleeves pushed back and a wide apron on, and wherever she goes everything becomes neater and brighter. Her temperament is peculiar, and during sickness she required peculiar treatment. Because she has been mine from infancy, I perfectly comprehend her, and know precisely her needs, physical and mental. During her illness I was amply rewarded by hearing her say, with a rippling little laugh: "Why sickness is really enjoyable!"

I cannot help thinking that the treatment good for one sick person is good in most ways for all. I believe that people are often worried to death by visitors—curious people, who lean on the bed and jar it, and whisper or talk low, and look wisely or mysteriously at each other; who whisper and shake their heads ominously.

Now this whispering, and the close room, and the frightful array of bottles, and the long faces, with different watchers every night, is almost distracting. We know of no prevailing evil in which reform is needed more than this. Physicians and nurses should join together to banish all these relics of the barbaric ages from our beloved homes.

Another thing. I may not see clearly, but I think reform is badly needed in the way funerals are

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conducted. I do wish it was customary for the family of the deceased to take leave of the dead in their own parlors, or at the house, and let the other relatives and the sympathizing friends and neighbors attend the remains to their final resting-place. I cannot help thinking this a humane and sensible idea. If the departed one has lain sick a long time, the family are worn out, exhausted with watching and with the anxiety that is as wearisome almost as positive sickness; if death came suddenly, and the grief was quite intolerable, this would spare them, and render briefer their agony. All this customary parade is exceedingly painful at such a time; society really should have no requirements to be fulfilled; the stricken ones should be sheltered and spared as much as lies in the power of sympathizing friends; they should not be dragged out to make a public display of an anguish of soul that renders them for a time oblivious to everything but the magnitude of the grief that overwhelms and overpowers them. To those in feeble or impaired health, and to the acutely nervous and susceptible, would such a reform come like a gracious balm.

I am reminded forcibly of an incident that I have not thought of for many years, and I will relate it here as something to the point.

A dear old lady lost her youngest daughter by sudden death. The fatal disease came so slowly that she did not deem herself sick, and her relatives joked her about lassitude and love of ease with the utmost levity; but suddenly a malignant fever ran like a flame through her young veins, and she never spoke a coherent sentence. This made her death doubly painful to the bereft ones.

On the day of the funeral the sorrow of the poor mother was most poignant, and her expressions of grief were touching in the extreme. She fainted twice, once on the coffin, from whence she was borne away as one dead. The procession formed, and waited until the poor victim was restored to consciousness.

I said to the kind-hearted one who was gathering back the dishevelled hair and placing the bonnet on the swaying head: "Do you think it is right to let her go to the burial?"

"Oh, yes, she's the chief mourner, you know! How would it look to leave her at home?" and the woman stared at me in a startled way.

I was hurt, angry, and turned away to fix some one's black shawl; and when I looked again, the distressed old mother was leaning on the stout arm of the friendly woman, her hair hanging down loosely over her cheeks and temples, in all the abandonment of utter grief, while another woman was assisting her on the other side.

Really, I thought of a poor sheep dragged off to the slaughter. I was indignant, and went up to the dear old creature, and took off her bonnet and shawl in a twinkling, saying: "You are not able to go; your endurance is almost gone; you can do no good, and you are wronging yourself."

She leaned over on my bosom, and cried a cry of relief.

The long procession moved away—the creaking wagons, and the dusty carriages, and the slow line of horsemen—but the mother saw them not.

I took her into a quiet back room, in which was no sign of the sudden death, and she lay down on a lounge while I talked to her and smoothed her hair, and before an hour the stricken mourner was in a peaceful sleep. As I darkened the room and left it, I saw a smile playing upon her thin white face. When she woke, there was an angelic sweetness upon her serene countenance. In her sleep, the beloved daughter had comforted her; had come to her—like to no shadow, either—and had spoken words that would henceforth be a source of ineffable joy. Then there was no cause for sorrow, no sense of loss, no regret, but a sure promise of a blessed reunion in that land of perfect bliss to which she had gone.

I never saw such a marked change. After that hour she never wept again, but waited in the full assurance of the fulfillment of that revelation.

It came, I presume, for she died in two or three years, and her sick-bed and death-bed were not those of gloom, or sorrow, or impatient waiting.

Lily is baking to-day, and the yeast is not very good, and she turns away with disappointment and says: "If I dared be so wasteful, I would give this to the pigs." But I tell her after it is already in the flour she must not waste it. There will only be three loaves; they will be dark-colored, but light and not sour; will be second-rate bread; and by managing properly it can all be made into food.

I am always glad to have an old loaf or a dry one on hand when I am cooking, for there are so many economical little ways of using stale or second-rate bread. Children like sweet milk boiled and dry bread broken into it; a slice or two is nice to toast and lay in the bottom of the deep dish into which you put noodles, or in the dish into which you take up thickened milk; it is good to break up and fry and steam in the buttered spider for grandpa's quiet, enjoyable little breakfast; good to use for dressing when you roast a fowl; good to make toast; or to dry and brown and lay away for future emergencies. Puddings made of dry bread are excellent; and it is also available in a family of little ones who are fond of gravies. White gravy, made of cream and butter and flour, seasoned with pepper and salt; or brown gravy, made in the spider after frying beef, veal or chicken, with flour and boiling water. Let the slices of dry bread be steamed, laid on a large plate, and the hot gravy poured over. This is good for little children.

I think I did tell you my way of using dry bread—the best way I ever found. I cook a fat, young chicken until it is done; save the legs and wings to fry for breakfast; pick the meat off the fowl and put it back in the broth; cook and season it well and pour it over slices of stale bread in a pan or deep dish; press it down compactly, and then the next day cut it out in slices and fry in a hot spider in which is some melted butter. It makes a very good dinner, and is so much like your grandmother's chicken pot pie that she used to warm over on washing-day.

While writing this I have been baking the bread, and have just taken the last loaf from the oven.

We are very agreeably disappointed in it, for it turns to be as light as a puff and quite nice, though I think it will be dark. The yeast was baker's yeast, fresh, and strong of hops, and we did not know at what stage it was.

I observe that in making bread, Lily does not work in as much flour as I do when I make it, and her bread is always soft, and stays moist longer than mine. She says it should be so soft in the sponge that it can barely be handled.

A neighbor of ours who is troubled in getting her bread to rise in cold weather, has a hanging-shelf above her cook-stove, on which she sets the loaves. The moderate and even warmth fill the requirement, and she has no trouble since she adopted the plan.

Oh, I wanted to say how I make a stale-bread pudding! Well, I butter the slices and lay them in a small pudding-pan, then put over them a layer of fruit—peaches, cherries, raisins, grapes, or even jam or jelly—sprinkle sugar over, then another layer of buttered bread, another of fruit, and so on till the pan is nearly full. Then I pour over boiling water until the whole is rather more than half moist, and bake in the oven until done. To be eaten with cream, slightly sweetened.

A friendly old chap who likes to sit by the deacon's fireside these cold winter days, is always saying to me: "It's powerful strange, Pipsey, how you're allus fetchin' in fresh eggs; no matter how forlorn the weather is, you come in blowin', with your nose an' ears as purple as a bed o' Johnny-jump-ups, an' your hands or your apron teemin' full o' eggs, while my old woman never has the luck o' findin' one."

"It's no fault of mine," I say, with a little smirk of satisfaction, "for if I've told my neighbors once, I have fifty times, and if I've written it once for the papers, I'm sure I have a dozen times, but none of you will heed me. I suppose you think it's cheaper to come here and beg eggs for your Thanksgiving puddings, and your Christmas pumpkin pies, and your birthday cakes, and your Easter treats; but really, neighbor, I do think I'd try and be a little more independent. I have told you time after time that you overfeed and stuff your hens to repletion.

"You must have a good shelter for your hens; not allow them to roost among the trees, and out where they are exposed to the weather. Some folks' chickens roost out of nights, and they have a struggle all the while to keep on their roosts—a rough and tumble fight with the winds, instead of dozing comfortably, as they should, without a care or a thought for themselves, and with their heads tucked under their wings.

"Hens should be fed hard food—grain—at night. That induces warmth. Then if they have a range, or the ground is not covered with snow, they will not need much feed in the morning; but at noon give them soft feed, say scraps of waste meat, or a feed made of the liquor in which fresh meat or pigs' feet has been boiled, thickened with corn-meal; all the better if in it you have put the cracklings from which the lard has been pressed. Occasionally pepper this kind of feed well; that

acts as a tonic. The offal and refuse after butchering is very good picking for hens—the livers and lights, and the bones that are thrown away. Corn is rather fattening for laying-hens, but it may be mixed to advantage with wheat, barley, wheat screenings, oats, millet, hempseed and such things. Lime should be within reach of hens. I always burn a good quantity of bones, clam-shells and oyster-shells, and keep a box of gravel where the fowls can get at it. I am sure this is a better way of disposing of oyster-shells and bones than to leave them lying about in one's back yard. I make a fire out doors and burn them there, for the odor is not agreeable if they are burned in the stove. Then every day give them pure, fresh water to drink, and you will be recompensed for your trouble by all the eggs you will need. Watch the laying hens in very cold weather, and bring in the eggs before they freeze. I always find in the summer-time a good supply of weather-proof nest-eggs, which I lay away in an out-house for winter. There is a certain stage in which an egg becomes added, and is fit for a winter nest-egg, and will keep thus, perhaps, for all time. I do not know at what stage it is, or the reason for it, but you will know by the extreme lightness, hardly heavier than the empty shell."

Now my neighbor, the man who complained that they never have any eggs in the winter-time, feeds his hens three times a day all the corn they can possibly eat, when they should only have one feed, and that a moderate one. Hens at no time should have all they can hold; it renders them lazy and stupid, and willing to cuddle down among their warm, soft feathers and let "that old fellow" unwisely furnish the living.

If you have more chickens than you need, and they are fat, kill off the cocks and the elderly hens some cold day, dress them nicely, and pack them down in large jars out on your porch or in your garden, where the flesh will freeze solid and keep fresh as long as cold weather lasts. Fried chickens are wholesome food, and pay better eaten than sold.

I did want to tell you women-readers this month about my visit among the Pottses in New England; but circumstances are not favorable, and I must defer it until the next number. It was a very enjoyable visit, and I long to tell you all about it, and about my mishaps and my "tribulations," as Sister Jones says in church meetings. But I am not feeling very well to-day; a singular contraction of the muscles seized me this morning early, and screwed my head around to one side, and holds me there like a vise. Ida came and rubbed my neck and shoulder vigorously, applied a mustard plaster to my neck, bathed my feet in warm water, and used these simple remedies which seemed best. We think it was caused by a little rill of air coming in at the window where stands the head of our bed.

There is one item connected with my visit which I must not omit from this article if I would have it come in timely, as this is still the season of pumpkin pies.

One of the cousins gave me a little package of

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dried pumpkin to bring home to Cousin Adonijah. The pumpkin had been stewed, and strained, and made very fine and nice, and then dried on plates in a warm oven. Merely soaking it awhile rendered it ready to mix with the other ingredients.

On my way home I was telling an old lady from the State of Michigan, about that way of preparing pumpkin, and she told me that a better plan had been discovered and was in successful operation in her own State; that an article called pumpkin flour was manufactured there on a very large scale of operation.

I was delighted to hear this, because it is such a job to prepare pumpkin for pies, if well done, and if not well done, the pies are not fit to eat and are a discredit to the housewife or cook.

She gave me the address of the firm, and I wrote, and in return received a very satisfactory letter and a sample of the flour. It is as fine and dry as wheat flour, put up in, say pound packages, and, on trial, gives the most gratifying results. The pies are simply delicious—all the nutriment and sweetness of the pumpkin is contained in the pure golden flour.

One hundred pounds of crude pumpkin is contained in five pounds of the flour. I regard this as among the labor-saving inventions of this age of progress. I always took a good deal of pride in making nice pumpkin-pies, and, although I shall

stand robbed of my honors in this branch in the culinary department, I hail the day that exonerates me from the toilsome task of stewing and preparing dried pumpkin for pies.

The packages of flour would have to be sent by express, so if any of you women want to buy you had better join together when you order it. The express charges would not be so much. Address Charles L. Miller, Colon, Michigan.

And now that the bleak winter is with us and all beautiful things in nature lie under the cold, white snows, let us not allow discontent and gloom to come into our hearts and abide there. Let us improve our leisure moments, and learn wisdom from the changes that the seasons bring. Winter is a season of rest and recuperation, and the vital and nervous forces gather new power and become regulated, and we are the gainers even though the cold be intense, and the winds wail without, and the gloom seems to enwrap us about as a pall.

"There is no sunshine to-day," a good old lady used to say, with a gurgling, little, satisfied laugh; "but we can make plenty of it in-doors,"—which was only another version of Longfellow's beautiful lines:

"Fling all the windows of the soul  
Wide open to the sun."

## Religious Reading.

### WORLDLINESS.

FROM A SERMON BY REV. FRANK SEWALL.

PERHAPS there is no evil more subtle in the human heart than this of worldliness. Like the thorn, it is prone to hide itself under fair verdure, but it covers the whole plant. Like the thorn, it is perceived only as we draw close to it, and then it everywhere wounds and resists all real sincerity and earnestness of soul. I call you to witness if there is anything more wounding and repelling to any sincere and true interest you may feel or wish to feel in another man, as you draw near to him and begin to penetrate beneath the surface of his character, you discern suddenly this hollow, cold, heartless, all-pervading trait of worldliness? Does it not throw you back upon yourself in sad and utter disappointment. In whatever relation you would establish, in friendship, in business transactions, but most of all in the solemn ties of religious sympathy and conjunction, if you are yourself true and seeking a communion of charity—when once you feel the prick of these thorns, until now, perhaps, adroitly concealed under many a fair garb of outward charms of character—does not your heart sink within you under a sense of the futility of any efforts to draw nearer or to influence such an one by any good means in your power? A hard, impenetrable shell shuts in the heart and life of the worldly man or woman. Self-love, cunning, critical, sharp-sighted and far-seeing; self-love,

ambitious, cautious, ever scheming; self-love, suspicious, wary and armed with manifold deceits and false guises, reigns in that citadel and looks out upon the world, upon society, and all its relations with its fellow beings, only as so much field for selfish gain, for self-advancement, for getting to a high station, for reaping the greatest amount of natural enjoyment at the least expense to himself, for making all men and all things serve the one sole purpose of self's gratification, in carrying out one's own private ends and schemes.

Worldliness is not, like some other evils, confined to some single and well-defined locality or relation in society. Hence comes its dangerous and insidious influence in the whole world of human affairs. Were it more distinctly pronounced or readily seen, then we should know better how to reckon with it. But as we have seen, it takes hold of all things sacred and profane as a handle to its schemes. Other vices, by their very existence, exclude themselves from religious association. The openly-avowed infidel does not attend church, or put on any garb of piety. The dishonest man does not long retain his honorable standing in business circles; the drunkard soon loses the face, and even the desire, to move in another circle than that of his chosen associates; the libertine is under restraint when in company with pure-minded persons. Each of these classes runs to its own chosen resorts, as it were, and soon throws off, if it has ever put on, any disguise. But with the men or women whose ruling vice is

simple worldliness, it is not so. We find them in the church, in society, in every business and profession, everywhere, indeed, where there is anything of respectability, personal favor, wealth or pleasure, to be gained. They are not of the class that single themselves out and drop off by a kind of spiritual disintegration. They are everywhere under every guise. They pray and sing with the pious, they scoff with the scoffers. They go with the fashion, and in so doing are safe, for the fashion is the rule of the majority. But how cruel the wound when first a serious and trusting mind feels their thorn.

Our Saviour at His crucifixion wore upon His head a crown of thorns, which the unbelievers and the scornful men of that day plaited for Him, and wearing that crown of thorns He stood forth and said, "Behold the man." He was, as He stood there in the presence of Pilate in the door of the judgment hall, the living and visible representative of the Word of God as arrayed and treated by the worldliness of that day. Does the worldliness of our day do differently?

"The field is the world." We may not, if we would, escape the duties and obligations, and so the temptations of living in the world; for here in the world, if anywhere and at all, we must learn God's Word, and test our devotion to it. But while in it and pressed hard by its severest temptations, still does the Christian's prayer go up, "Lord, I pray thee, not that Thou wilt take me out of the world, but that Thou wilt keep me from the evil."

### SATISFIED.

BY MRS. E. M. CONKLIN.

**S**ATISFIED! Think of it! No more wandering from the right path; no more failures in duty; no more fainting by the way; no more groaning in spirit; no more anxiety of heart! Every want supplied, every fear removed, every care cast out. Sin assailing no more, weakness betraying no longer. Pure in heart, pure in motive, pure in deed and word—because made like Christ. "I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness!" Never, till then!

Fair-weather friends may fall us when clouds gather; tried and trusted ones lay down their armor at the Master's call, and leave us lonely, and with a void that nothing earthly can fill. Want may press us sore; care may burden us heavily; slander may assail us; scorn may sting and ingratitude wound us here, till we cry: "Oh, where shall rest be found?" Be patient, child of God! Thou shalt be satisfied, every pang removed, every sorrow cured. Thou shalt have songs for sighing, thou shalt know joy and gladness and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

On the other hand, though earth should crown you with all of good it has to give; wealth attire you in purple and fine linen; taste and genius lavish on you all that is most exquisite of loom, or brush, or chisel; all that is sweetest of harp or pen; fame may lead you to the proudest height, and honor crown you with bays. Yet, are you satisfied? Comes there no shadow over your

gayest hours, no fear of loss, no desire of something better still? Ah, "I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness!" murmurs the soul. Never, till then!

### FAITH.

BY ALICE HAMILTON.

**T**HERE came an hour of darkness, all My life was shadowed by a coming grief; I knew that nothing could befall So dire but Heaven could send relief; But Faith, enveloped in a mist of doubt, My eyes but dimly saw; I caught One heavenly smile, and then, without A word, she left me, and I thought That she was evermore estranged. I knew I had but self to blame if it were true.

For she had borne with me through many a day, Filled to its close with complaints of bitterness, Because I could not have my own sweet way, And yet, with heavenly tenderness, She wooed me gently from my bitter mood, And whispered that my Father's will Was better far. If I but understood His loving kindness, I would still Trust in His love, so infinite and sure, Take up my cross, and patiently endure.

But I was wayward then. I would not heed Her words of counsel, but, impatient, turned Away from her. Ah! then I learned, Through bitter suffering, human need Of more than human help; struggling alone With my great sorrow, heart and brain Strung to their utmost tension, forced a moan From lips so whitened by excess of pain, That kiss of love might vainly seek to flush Their marble pallor, with the faintest blush.

The fiends of doubt, distrust and dark despair Fought for my soul, and nearly won The victory; I thought the very air Was full of eager voices mocking me, While I was struggling to be free; At last I called for Faith, and with a smile Of rare forgiveness for my past disdain Of her kind help, she came, and all the while She lingers near, she bears my pain; And, looking through her eyes, I plainly see That the dear Lord knows what is best for me.

**THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.**—It is the great commonplace duties of life that are neglected and derided now-a-days. Some prodigious form of self-sacrifice seems to be in impatient demand. Yet all the time the very best opportunities of doing good are recklessly surrendered. I cannot be made to believe that the element of self-immolation has any place whatever in Christian experience. They seem really the most useful men and women who most cheerfully address themselves to heroic work; who move on steadily, whether the platoon they are marching in looks melodramatic or not; who will take up the crosses of daily existence, and live sweet, brave lives without a fuss; never aping any singularity, nor seeking any sensation.



## A THOUGHT OF CHEER.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

IT is related of Correggio, that one day, standing as if entranced, in contemplation of one of Raphael's pictures, he exclaimed: "I, too, am a painter."

In this brief expression, how plainly we may read the spirit of the man. With soul thrilling at the wonderful beauty and power of the picture, feeling that his work bore no comparison with this, there was yet no yielding to discouragement, no throwing aside his brush, or lessening of earnest, persevering effort; but realizing that his path lay in the same direction, that to him, also, God had given a great and beautiful gift, there was the steadfast purpose, the high resolve, to press on, to use the power bestowed to gain the highest ground open to him.

And where did he stand at last? How far behind the glorious Raphael?

God's gifts are many, and there are many mansions in the Father's house. For all the varied types of beauty and truth there are place, and use, and honor.

The painter Northcote, too, said he always felt depressed when looking at a poor picture, because he thought he might misjudge his own, and they in reality be no better; but the work of a master stimulated him to effort, and renewed his hope and courage.

To human souls, striving after the life and spirit of Christ, the glorious picture gleams ever above and beyond, yet not unapproachable. They, too, by the power and grace He gives, are painters for eternity. As the thoughts, words and acts of every day leave their traces on the immortal picture, whatever may be the variations of form and coloring, if the spirit of the Master pervade all, it will meet His glad acceptance. The toil and the joy are one with His own, and in likeness of spirit can the finite reach out after and touch the infinite.

## Mothers' Department.

## LITTLE FANNY'S FRENCH DOLL.

A STORY FOR MOTHERS.

BY G. DE B.

AUNT GUSSIE received a letter from little Fanny's mamma just after Christmas, in which she said: "Fanny got a French doll for her present. It is a perfect little lady; has everything in the way of toilet, from a variety of costumes actually copied after Worth's, down to a little dressing-case furnished complete; and besides her wardrobe, a carriage in which to drive and show off her dresses, and a maid who is supposed to dress her."

Aunt Gussie threw down the letter after she had read this sentence, and thought to herself: "Can this be a wise present for little Fanny? Is it not instilling into her mind and heart the teaching that dress is the first thing to be considered in the guardianship of a child? There surely can be no mother-love brought out in the care and companionship of such a grand lady doll! How much prettier and better were the real baby dolls that Fanny's mamma and I used to play with when we were children! How we loved to make their little nightgowns and dresses ourselves! We would have scorned a 'costume' for our dolls! And how tenderly we used to clasp them to our bosoms, and almost believe they breathed sometimes, so real was the mother-love beating fast in our own little hearts! Can little Fanny be so happy with her elegant French doll?"

And as Aunt Gussie thought all this, she felt very sorry that her little niece was growing into a fashionable little girl, and would maybe turn into a fashionable lady some day, like some butterfly girls she knew, whose whole thoughts and lives were spent in the great question of, "What shall I wear?" She hoped little Fanny would not grow into one of those kind of women; she wanted her,

rather, to be a good, motherly, sensible woman like grandma.

Shortly after the holidays, Aunt Gussie went to R—, on a visit to little Fanny's mamma; and she had not been there very long before Fanny displayed her "*Grande Duchesse*" of a doll in all the glory of her paraphernalia.

Aunt Gussie looked at her bouffant skirts, and slim figure, and marvellously arranged *coiffure*, and then asked: "Has your baby cut all her teeth yet, Fanny?"

Fanny looked surprised and indignant as she replied quite warmly: "Why, auntie! The idea! Of course she has! She's a lady, and 'come out.'"

"Oh!" answered Aunt Gussie, and she did not venture any more of the usual old-fashioned questions relative to doll-babies.

And just then May Lansing came from over the way to spend the day with Fanny; and as she had brought her French doll along, Aunt Gussie thought she would listen, and hear how little girls played together in this curious age.

"Mine got a point lace handkerchief; real—mamma said it was," said May, as each one began to tell the presents they had received.

"Did she?" asked Fanny, with a little shadow of envy on her face. "Well, my doll has a set of pink coral, and a jewel-box—"

"They're coraline," corrected May, examining the pretty little pink jewels on the neck and in the ears of Fanny's doll.

"They're real coraline, anyhow," continued Fanny, with some sort of idea that the adjective would qualify them. "And a jewel-box to put them in."

"Oh, my doll had all those things long ago!" cried May, with a toss of her head. "How many costumes has yours?"

"Six—robe de chambre, carriage-dress, walking-suit, reception toilet, dinner-dress and full

party costume," replied Fanny quite out of breath.

"Oh, dear, mine has twelve—two of each—and a set of diamonds for full dress."

Little Fanny's face fell. She had thought her doll's outfit so complete and beautiful; and here May Lansing's doll had just twice as many—and diamonds. Why didn't mamma get her all those things, too?

Aunt Gussie didn't care to hear any more. She walked slowly down-stairs to the sitting-room, where Fanny's mamma was talking to the seamstress, who sat at the machine stitching innumerable tucks and yards of trimming into Fanny's pretty dresses.

"O sister!" cried Aunt Gussie, as she entered the room; "I wish you would make Fanny's dresses less elaborate. I am so sick of all this dress topic of conversation. Even the children talk nothing else. Those little innocents upstairs, I left eloquent over point lace and diamonds. And do you know, sister, I think you are inculcating extravagant ideas into your child's head, to say nothing of envious feelings into her heart. I wish Fanny had never seen a French doll. She don't seem the same child to me, chattering away on fashions, robe de chambers and reception costumes."

"Why, Gussie!" cried Fanny's mamma. "How old-fashioned and old-maidish you are getting to be! All the little girls on the square have French dolls and their dresses trimmed. If you had a little girl, I am sure you would like her to have what other children had."

"If I had a little girl, she should never have a French doll to teach her that *dress* was the principal object in life. Why, sister, we never played that way. Our babies were babies. Don't you remember 'Big Sue,' and 'Waxy,' and 'Florence,' and 'Amelia?' How we loved them in spite of their shabbiness. We never thought of clothes."

"I recollect very well feeling envious sometimes of other girls' dolls, just as I dare say little girls do to-day," answered Fanny's mamma, not liking to hear Aunt Gussie's criticism.

"No, not *envious* exactly," replied Aunt Gussie. "We used to quarrel about them sometimes, and feel jealous—just as mothers do of their children. But our doll-babies brought out mother-love, not an envious desire for dress and diamonds."

Fanny's mamma did not answer then. She remembered well the little play-room at her mother's home, where she and Aunt Gussie, when they were little girls, had played at "mother," and held their beloved dolls to their bosoms, and thought only, mother-like, of their babies cutting teeth and the numerous other ailments to which dolls fall victims. And she thought, too, of the simple little dresses they made themselves, and the tiny hats they fashioned for them. Oh, those were the best dolls after all!

"Well, Gussie," said she at length, "I think I see what you mean. If I had thought of it in that light, perhaps Fanny would never have had her French doll; but I can't take it away from her now. Perhaps, too, my motive in getting it arose

from an envious sort of feeling, because May Lansing's mamma got her one last Christmas. But I really *think* it was because I thought Fanny would be so perfectly delighted to have one. If there has been an evil seed planted, however, I will see that it does not sprout. I tell you what I will do—I'll buy her a real *baby doll*, and we will show her how to make all its little clothes herself—the dressmaker made her French lady's—and then, if the mother-love be in her heart, perhaps she will put aside the grand lady and love the doll-baby. I am willing to try to undo the evil you think I have done in inculcating a love of dress by giving Fanny her French doll."

And so next day Aunt Gussie went down town with Fanny's mamma, and they bought the cunningest little, fat, round, dimpled baby they could find; and they got flannel for his shirts and skirts, and fine cross-barred muslin for his slips, and a bath-tub, and baby wagon, and everything complete for a little baby. And when Fanny saw it, she clapped her hands and cried: "Oh, that is the nicest kind—a *real* kind of a doll-baby, mamma!" And she learned to make its dresses and clothes herself, and is just now the happiest "little mother" in the world. When May Lansing comes over with her doll now, she puts it up on the table, and the two little girls play with Fanny's real baby doll, for locked up in the big box she came in from Paris is little Fanny's French doll.

#### "PLEASE, MAMMA, LEAVE THE LIGHT."

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

THE single paragraph in the HOME MAGAZINE referring to children's having a light "to go to sleep by," if they want it, is a grain of gold. This is not a weak indulgence, likely to make them timid or nervous in after-years. Nor is the desire a mere whim.

Probably some of the severest suffering ever inflicted on a little child in a Christian home, is this very denial. Children are different in temperament, and in many instances can be easily trained to go to sleep in a dark room. But toward a delicate or nervous child who dreads the darkness, it is sheer cruelty to insist upon it. The amount of mental pain thus endured should be a sufficient reason; and add to this that the practise of thus exciting a child's fears and rasping his nerves night after night is only calculated to increase and perpetuate the very fear and nervousness that would otherwise gradually disappear.

In childhood, I dreaded nothing more than to be left alone in the dark; and mother always kept a light. But has that habit proved to be one of a lifetime? On the contrary, it was outgrown as easily as dolls and bibs; and now it is impossible for me to sleep with even a faint light in the room.

Children, provided no ghost-stories or frightful or painful tales are allowed to be told them, are usually easily accustomed to go to sleep without a light, if some one stays in the room. But loneliness and darkness together are too much for the nervous organism of almost any child. My children never, from earliest babyhood, feared the dark, but they wanted "mamma;" and knowing

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that she was close by, or holding her hand, were perfectly content. If I wanted to leave the room, however, the request was always: "Don't take the light, mamma," and it was never disregarded.

Never, on any account, should a child's fears or fancies be ridiculed. This does harm in many ways, and harm only. It never lessens the fear or removes the fancy; but hurts and grieves, or stirs up anger and sometimes even hatred. Gentle and

even training, calm reasoning and the force of example will do all that is needed, in this direction, *in time*; but without patience and love, failure is certain. Early, and gradually, all along life's way, in little things and great, let us teach our children, by word and example, *TRUST IN GOD*, and fill their minds with pleasant thoughts, useful knowledge and good purposes; side-issues will take care of themselves.

## Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

### OLD FRIENDS OF MINE.

**W**HAT boy is not fond of dogs? They are such companionable animals, so faithful and intelligent! I dare say you have read many interesting stories about their sagacity and affection, so I will only tell you about those that have come under my own notice.

The first I remember was a small black-and-white spaniel that used to go out into the square every time the market-house clock struck, and, looking up at it, howl piteously until it finished. The first dog I could really call my own was a black-and-tan terrier, named "Toby." He was a quiet, thoughtful dog, who followed you gravely, unless he was excited by seeing something alive, such as a bird or rabbit, that he could run after. Although well fed at home, he considered it his duty to get his own living as far as possible, and used every day to take a round of certain public-houses and butchers' shops, where he picked up broken food. One Sunday morning he met a friend of mine coming out of church, who called him up and patted him, so Toby followed my friend to his house, where they gave him a dinner. When he had dined, he came home to me. The next Sunday, at the same time, he went to the gentleman's house, and barked at the door until he was let in. He had remembered his last Sunday's dinner, and had called for another. He had not been near the house all the week, although he had every opportunity. Toby always accompanied me on my walks, until one day he did not want to go the way I was going, so I threw a stone at him, and he went back home. He never afterwards would go for a walk with me (although I am sure he often wanted to do so) if I was by myself; but, if any one else was with me he would jump about, and show his delight, and look up at me as much as to say, "I am not going with you, you know, although I am very glad of the run."

At a farm on the Western prairie where I lived some time ago, we had a great many dogs, to let us know if any one came near the place in the night, and to drive away stray cattle, and among them were two rough puppies, named "Jacob" and "Esau." They were so called because the youngest was the larger and stronger of the two, and always pushed his elder brother away from the saucer at meal times. As Jacob grew up, he showed himself a dog of superior sense, for after regaling himself on meat he would come and look

up in your face until you gave him a piece of bread, when he would go away contented. He doubtless found that by attention to his diet he avoided indigestion.

The large curly black dogs that are so numerous now, are called "retrievers"—because they retrieve or bring back things to their masters. They are used by sportsmen to find and bring the game to them after it is shot. I had one myself a few years ago, named "Lion," and when I went home and took off my boots, he would carry them one at a time into the kitchen, and fetch me my slippers. If I was out walking, and dropped my stick, he would pretend not to see the accident, and walk on as if he knew nothing about it until I said, "Go and fetch it," when he was off like an arrow, and soon brought it back. Constant education for many generations has made this peculiarity natural to these dogs, and they require hardly any teaching at all—indeed, some require none. A lady I know had one when it was a tiny puppy, and when only a few months old Punch was walking with her in a country lane; he suddenly jumped the ditch, put his head in the hedge, and came to her with a little bird in his mouth, looking up in her face, he wagged his tail triumphantly. She took the bird from him, and, seeing, it was not hurt, let it fly. This was a bitter disappointment to Punch, who resented her conduct in letting the bird go after he had been at the pains of catching it, by barking furiously, and rushing about very excitedly.

You have, most likely, seen dogs, especially poodles, who have been taught to sit up on their hind legs and beg, and do a variety of other tricks. By patience and kindness they may be trained to do many things.

I saw some performing dogs in New York who did whatever they were told—jumping over sticks and through hoops one after another, and then going back and sitting each on his chair. The most amusing was a spotted coach-dog, who burlesqued everything the others did in a most droll manner. If they jumped over a stick, he would walk under it with his tail between his legs; if they jumped through a hoop, he would go up to it after it had been thrown down and wriggle through it on the floor. In fact, he made fun of all his companions' performances.

When I was a boy, I used to see people drive into town from the surrounding villages in little carts, drawn by sometimes one and sometimes two

dogs, and a capital pace they used to travel. But the practice of making dogs draw carts is not now allowed in England, as the poor creatures occasionally went mad after being driven hard on a hot day.

In cold countries, however, dogs are still used for draught purposes; and the gallant fellows who have just left the shores of Old England, on their voyage of discovery in the Arctic regions, will use them to draw sledges over the frozen ice and snow.

### HONEST PAY FOR HONEST WORK.

BY ELSIE.

"I HAVE a chance for work in two places, Aunt Jane," said Claude, quite elated. "I can get a place in Mr. Harlow's store at two dollars a week and my dinner. That would be such a saving to mother, for I do get powerfully hungry, auntie, these sharp days, and Mrs. Harlow has such splendid dinners. Then I can go in the telegraph office and have a small salary every week, and whatever I can get taking around messages to people. Sometimes they give the boy a quarter, but most generally only ten cents. They average a dozen messages a day. Just think of that."

"Is the ten cents for delivering a regular charge, or only a kind of gift, like waiters' fees?"

"Oh, people give just what they please. Mean, stingy people don't give anything. I think Fred told me he generally had to ask for it, or people forgot it."

"O Claude, my boy, take the store by all means. These chance gains are most demoralizing to a boy. A small, steady salary is a great deal better in the end. Just think how you would feel asking people for money, like a crossing-sweeper. You could not do it and keep your self-respect. Then, too, you would be constantly kept in a feverish state of anxiety about your little gratuity. When it did not come you would feel vexed and disappointed. When a little more than common, you would be correspondingly elated. All these things spoil you for steady, regular business, and that is what you must build upon if you wish to gain a position in the world and be a successful man. Honest pay for honest work is the kind of gain that wins true prosperity. No one but professional beggars thrive on gift-money. I know you don't want to join their ranks. 'Easy come, easy go,' is the rule for all of these easily-acquired dollars. Bright business principles and habits to start with are of more value than thousands of dollars capital to a man or boy."

Claude took his aunt's advice, and to-day he is a rising young man in the store, with only one step between him and the first salesman.

## The Home Circle.

### THE GIRLS AT MILLWOOD.

BY CHATTY BROOKS.

No. 2.

AT tea last evening, Esther Hamilton, one of the "new girls," as we call them, referred to a picture in her album, and finally she ran up-stairs and brought it down.

"What a treat!" said Midget, rubbing her fat little hands together, and beginning to place the chairs so that we could all sit down in a huddle and look at the pictures.

I think I never saw a child so fond of good pictures as little Midget is.

Every one's album contains photographs precious to the owner, but not even beautiful or good in the eyes of a stranger; and I have known a thoughtless person to drop an unkind expression many a time on like occasions. That happened last evening.

The Misses Hamilton lost a brother during the war whose photograph had never been taken, and after his death the body was propped up in a chair, with the eyes opened, and a very tolerable likeness secured. The flag under which he so gallantly fell was draped above his head, while his knapsack, cap and canteen were beside him.

When we came to that picture, Margie burst into a merry laugh, saying: "Dear, oh dear! what a horrid attempt at a photograph that is!"

One of the other girls leaned over suddenly, and, as she caught a view of it, up went both hands,

and she was just beginning to give expression after the same manner, when she caught my eye staring sternly upon her.

We were all so startled at the thoughtless Margie, that none of us could think of a proper thing to say, and the moment's silence was very embarrassing.

All you who read this will remember similar events in your own lives—moments in which your speech seemed to have taken wings, as it were, to have forsaken you entirely just when you so earnestly desired to say something appropriate, or not appropriate—anything to draw attention from the painful silence.

In a voice quivering with pent-up emotion, Esther softly said: "That poor picture, almost a caricature, is all we have left to remind us of dear Frank."

We rallied, and tried to be cheerful and agreeable, but there was a pain in all our hearts; the sisters had been wounded by thoughtless levity; we who sympathized with the dear girls in their one sorrow were stunned by the blow, while the girls who had caused the embarrassment were really ashamed of themselves and aggrieved at their own lack of sensibility.

My own album is half full of homely, dear pictures that seem pretty to me, but awkward and uncouth to others; so I rarely take it out of my own private room; but last evening, after the unfortunate occurrence transpired, I sent Tuddie after it. I knew it would bring a drop of healing balm,



Now one of the most prized pictures in it is of my dear, dead George Nelson and myself, taken the day we were married. We were very happy then, and it was taken with the bride and groom standing side by side with clasped hands, so close that our very shoulders touch. I have on a gay dress with a short-tailed sacque, belted down, and I am as straight as a penguin and as trim as a weasel. George had good health and his dear red cheeks stick out like a squirrel's with a ripe nut in each pouch. His handkerchief shows from his pocket, and his massive bosom-pin does not seek seclusion. I laughed heartily at the lank girl-bride with the belt on, for if there is any article of a woman's dress that I dislike, it is a belted sacque. Tudie and Midget pinched and tickled me and patted my plump neck and shoulders, and we all laughed at the marvellous change from the girl to the woman.

Pretty soon we came to the picture of a fat old lady, with her arms folded on her chest; I was very willing that the girls should laugh at this, but they had profited from the lesson of the evening, and not one of them smiled until I laughed and told them it was my aunt, Charity Ann Sutherland, for whom I was named. The old lady told me that "if 'twa'n't for a body's two arms, a picture' could be taken easily, but the arms were such a torment, gittin' 'em fixed in a nateral, graceful way."

Then we came to a dark photograph that I often look upon, but never show it to other people, that of my grandmother, over eighty years of age.

The picture has a black background, and she wore a pretty barred dress, but the cape or shawl about her neck and shoulders was black, which has the deplorable effect of making a grandmother's head and a body, from the waist down—nothing more.

I supposed the girls, some of them at least, would laugh at this, but not one of them changed countenance.

They could all see that the black background and the black shawl had cut the unfortunate old lady in two and left her head balancing evenly on nothingness, but no one smiled or felt any inclination to do. Dear little Tudie felt it a duty to say a kind word for my maternal relative, and with all the ingenuousness for which she is notorious, she softly piped out: "Grandmother looks as if she had good health." At this, Midget, the invincible little Midget, not to be outdone in a kindly deed, said, plaintively: "She looks, too, as if she'd make a good stepmother."

At this juncture we all screamed with laughter. The intentions of the blessed, little, womanly dears was so good, the motives so transparent, what they said so wide of the mark, that we united in one general peal, while they crept down into as small a compass as they could squeeze themselves on the carpet beside my rocking-chair. The point of the joke was, that Midget thinks stepmothers are a class who prey upon children, almost, and she meant it as one of the finest compliments of which she was capable of conceiving.

This little denouement turned into sunshine the shadow that had settled down upon the congre-

gated girls, and when we separated, some to study, some to sew, and others to wash the tea-dishes, our hearts were all light, and cheerful, and full of gratitude and good-will.

#### A NEW USE FOR THINGS OLD.

EVERYTHING must have an end, old hats and bonnets not excepted. Indeed, they invariably reach theirs with swift, unerring aim. They make the shortest cut across the seasons on record, and nobody ever takes the trouble to ask what becomes of them afterward. Now, there's a proper and legitimate use for all things, old hats and bonnets included. Their coming to end in one form does not by any means involve total annihilation. Putting some love of a bonnet or dainty touch-and-be-off of a hat into other and still pleasing shape is possible and, once the secret out, many serve to while away many a weary hour.

In the first place, however, fair members of the "Home Circle," let me ask, now that we've got our heads together, (for, of course, we have, what brings the feminine forelock closer than a talk over milliners' goods?) did you ever try making hats over? Of course, you have used velvet, ribbons, and even flowers, time and time again, perhaps, but did you ever experiment with Neapolitan, or any of the pretty, pliable materials, cheap or otherwise, of which spring and summer hats are made? If not, make a beginning at once. You can do it in this way: rip the strands carefully apart and wind, tightly as possible without straining, around a collar-box, then wait until the Centennial summer fashions are out. When these appear before our waiting eyes, buy a light frame and stitch the strands neatly around it, each overlapping the other just enough to catch the thread, no more. One of the prettiest hats I ever saw on a lady's head was made in that very way. I can safely recommend this method as easy, economical, and altogether desirable, since what is usually spent on the hat, can then go into ribbons, flowers or, better still, into the hands of some anxious mother who wonders how it will be possible to cover her girls' heads without leaving their feet bare.

There are other uses to which our discarded head-gear may be put, very excellent ones, too. One of the prettiest frames that ever adorned household walls was manufactured out of three old straw bonnets, pasteboard and a sheet of bristol-board. Only these, and so little beside, we might almost add "nothing more." The straws, black, shading inwardly to brown, were stretched straight across the pasteboard foundation and fastened on the under side. A scroll work of black and brown strands ornamented the top and each of the four corners. If there was ever papering done at the house in your childhood, you'll know just how to wind the strands to make this scroll work, if not, then ask the first little girl you meet with paper-curles how she started out to make them. Perhaps it would be well to give you a clearer idea than this, some people are so dumb. Not that I mean to insinuate anything regarding

the members of the "Home Circle," but *some people*, you know. Look and see how a piece of just "boughten" tape is wound, round the strand in that way, and tack it; then lay aside until it is sure to take that shape. When undone, it will loosen just enough to make the scroll.

The picture this frame encircled was a simple one—a handful of ferns and autumn leaves; a tender green background with a trail of scarlet and gold across it, then rock-browns with feathery mosses at the base. Only these. Yet, could anything be more exquisitely lovely? There was no glass. If that is required, any picture frame will answer, no matter how old or shabby, just so it is capable of holding itself together. In this case, you must of necessity accommodate the braid to the frame; but once get the idea, and innumerable applications and improvements will readily suggest themselves. There are, however, so many and such varied uses to which the old hat or bonnet can be put, neither need be left hanging on the wall even in so pleasing a shape as a picture-frame.

In the guise of a mat they could rest snugly on your toilet-table, or be coaxed into concealing the dull red of your flowerpots, or, in the form of a cunning basket, fill the heart of a little child with joy.

The crown of last summer's hat will show you how to make a toilet-mat. For this purpose white chip, bound with scarlet, pink or blue, is perfectly ravishing, and fit for a princess. Gentlemen's straw hats make admirable mats for the dining-table. These should be shaped, then thoroughly cleansed, lined on the under side with cloth, and bound with skirt-braid. If there's not enough of one, alternating colors are admissible, and even effective. The frayed ends tucked neatly underneath and secured to the cloth. Make a loop of braid for each to hang them up by, or ornament with a succession of loops. Here again the effect of alternating colors is good.

A fancy basket can be made over a collar or any other round box. Stitch the strands on, line with silk, then add bright ribbon bows and a twisted or plaited handle. Work-boxes covered in this way, the braid fastened with brass or porcelain-headed nails, are very pretty; window-boxes, too, constructed of the roughest boards by some 'prentice hand, look really elegant in such a dress. Any figure or pattern fancy suggests will prove advantageous here, and even the odd buttons of the family, particularly brown or black, find a place among home decorations.

Indeed, there seems to be no end to the new uses for old things; and, since this article treats of them particularly, I may add, especially old hats and bonnets.

MADGE CARROL.

#### MAKE YOUR HOMES BEAUTIFUL.

**D**EAR EDITOR: Will you let me give the readers of your "Home Circle" an extract from an article by Mrs. Dorr, which I find in the *Household*? It is on the subject of making our homes beautiful—one that is of interest to every woman in the land. Beauty is not only

cheap and easily obtained, but essential to the growth of all the higher and purer sentiments; and they who neglect its culture rob not only themselves, but all who depend on them for the character of their home surroundings. All that I would like to say on this subject is so well said in this extract, that, with your permission, I step aside and let Mrs. Dorr talk in my stead to your readers.

IRENE.

"It is by no means true that the most beautiful homes are the costliest. A carpet may cost five dollars a yard, and yet be undeniably ugly. A set of furniture in velvet upholstery may cost a thousand dollars, and give you the backache just to look at it. If it does, it is not beautiful, for it lacks the beauty of fitness. It is not adapted to the purpose for which it is designed. 'High art' is often only valuable because it is 'high,' and because it has a world-noted name at the back of it. It is desirable in a gallery—but for all purposes of household adornment it is very apt to be useless. Much of it gives one the nightmare, unless he has a predilection for horrors.

"Neither is cheapness beauty; and yet, thank Heaven! a great deal of beauty is very cheap—so cheap that I venture to say no woman who is not devoted to abject poverty and grinding toil, no woman in the vast middle class that is by far the largest in this country, need be without a good degree of it in her surroundings. Perhaps I ought to add, provided she can persuade her husband to co-operate with her. Try it, dear!—you who are growing tired, and worn, and dissipated, and to whom, young as you are, life begins to look like a burden. And if you are not young, you need to try it all the more! Very likely John has never thought of it, and never will without your suggestion; and yet he may be as happy as you over the cheer and brightness you two may make for yourselves. It will rest you so to sit at nightfall in your pretty room.

"Room I say; for you need not forthwith run in debt, and proceed to rebuild and refurnish from chamber to kitchen. Take one room at a time, starting with your sitting or living-room, if you please. Color your wall a soft tint, or paper it, as you choose. The paper may cost but a few cents a roll, and yet it may be very pretty—a vast improvement on dingy white, and it will hide the stains of years. If you cannot afford a carpet (I hope you can!)—make believe your floor is of the choice woods that are now so fashionable—too choice to be hidden! Set your woman's wit at work, and conjure up some pretty rugs out of odds and ends, to spread here and there. If your lounges and rocking-chairs are old and shabby, get some pretty ten-cent calico of a color that harmonizes or contrasts with your wall (if you cannot afford the lovely cretonnes with which the markets are full), and cover them. Make some lambrequins for your windows of the same calico. Wheel out the table that stands so stiffly against the wall, and put it in the middle of the room for your books and work-basket. And then—now let me just whisper a word in your ear—couldn't you possibly get along without that extra suit this

summer? Because, if you could, you might get an engraving or two, or a pair of pretty photographs in simple frames, and perhaps a couple of glass vases, crystal clear, in which to put your lilies and rosebuds, or a handful of ferns and grasses. The suit will wear out—but the pictures will last as long as you live. Is it not worth thinking about?"

### FROM MY CORNER.

BY LICHEN.

No. 2.

HOW pleasant a cosy corner is of a cold winter day. With a warm fire within, bright sunlight on the window, and the breath of violets making the air sweet, and bringing a thought of summer. What matter if luxury and elegance are absent, when comfort, brightness and cheer can be had in their stead? This morning Jack Frost had the window-panes adorned with beautiful pictures, drawn by his skilful, magic pencil—trees with feathery foliage, rocky cliffs and crumbling towers, crystal bridges over deep chasms, looking like photographs of real natural scenery. All ready to be admired without any cost. And now that they have faded away, the pink tea-rose nods its bright head at me, as if to say, "I am here yet to keep you company;" and the more substantial pictures on the walls are never-failing companions.

How little it really needs to give happiness if people could only see it so. Comfort can be secured, and moderate tastes indulged, at small expense, by knowing how rightly to effect it. Wealth and poverty are very comparative things after all. Some people would be richer on one thousand dollars a year than many others similarly situated on ten thousand; and we all see persons with plenty of money, who feel themselves very poor, because their desires grow faster than their ability for accumulating riches, and they do not know the way to get happiness out of what they have. They have never grasped the true riches.

A lady came to see us a few days ago, who, while we were talking of books and pictures, complained that she had so little to spend on such things.

"I don't think of buying a new book," she said; "I can't even afford a magazine;" and she picked up mine which was lying on the table near by. "We haven't a picture in our house, except two or three plain-framed photographs, and some little chromos of the children's that are not of any account. And I do love pictures so. But we are always too poor to buy extras."

Yet her own and her daughters' dresses are covered with trimming, and she wears an expensive bonnet which is no prettier than a great many I see which do not cost near so much. She spends on her table nearly twice what I would, if placed in the same position, and then when unexpected company come to a meal she sometimes has not what will set a nice dinner or supper before them. Bad economy, misuse of expensive articles of food, etc., keep her always feeling straightened.

I had to smile to myself at her complaint, for I knew she *could* afford such things much easier than we, and she could not be as fond of good reading as of dress and good eating, or she would have more of it, at the sacrifice of a little of the others. One's nature and character will reveal itself in such ways.

A short distance from us lives a young neighbor, whose cheerful face and talk always do me good when she runs in to make a call, which is quite often. Her husband is a clerk, on a very moderate salary. She always dresses neatly and prettily, but never expensively, and clothes her three children the same way. Her house is plainly furnished, but everything is comfortable.

I went there one day, and it was a pleasure to see how bright and cheery her sitting-room was made at so small a cost. The carpet was a home-made one, neatly made, the muslin shades to the windows were fastened with bright cords and tassels, a hanging-basket hung in front of one of them covered with trailing myrtle. A pretty engraving hung over the mantel, and two beautiful, though small, chromos, on another wall, besides a few photographs in small frames. In winter she has pot flowers on a stand by a front window, which add beauty and sweetness both. There were several good and pleasant books on the small centre-table, and a few periodicals. They take one good magazine, and this, with one of the leading newspapers of the day, gives them a supply of fresh reading matter. I have seen few people who appeared so contented and happy, with the means they have. And the secret of it is, they do not spend on foolish, unnecessary things, which would do them no real good, and thus deprive themselves of real enjoyments.

Down on the rug before the fire, little Jessie is building card-houses. She seldom gets one quite as high as she wants it, for just as she is putting, perhaps the last card on, the whole structure falls, and she has to build it over from the very foundation. I think, sometimes, that children are more patient than grown people. The untiring perseverance with which they so often *re-do* their work, which has been destroyed, is a good example to many of their elders. Ah, Jessie! your card-houses which you spend so much time and pains upon, which seems to us only childish play, are types of the castles we build for ourselves, rearing them often of as unsubstantial material, and as rarely do we get them finished to suit our minds. We always want them higher and fairer than they prove to be, if we do come into possession; or an adverse gale lays them even with the ground before they are completed. Yet, are we not always building castles of some kind, during our entire lives?—at least, so long as we continue to feel any hope or interest in the future? Sometimes small and humble ones, but perhaps just as important to us—of just as vital interest—as the tall, proud palaces, reared long ago, when we were young and enthusiastic.

I wonder how many of us ever think that while thus employing ourselves, we are, in a measure, building our characters, too, for the thoughts, wishes and hopes with which we raise our imagi-

nary structures, help to mould our minds and hearts. It is the belief of some people that we build, while in this world, the spiritual mansions which we shall occupy in the world to come. If this is so, how different some of them will be from what we would expect, or *think* we should like. Yet they are built by our own thoughts, actions, wishes, loves and hates. We would—the most of us, I suppose—have them bright and beautiful; yet we may be rearing dull, gray walls, irregular and gloomy; or with unsightly stones here and there; or with narrow entrances and small, cramped rooms; or handsome looking ones outside, but superficial, empty and cheerless within. Just whatever our lives are, it is said they will show forth. It is a strange idea, but one which may be worth thinking about. And thinking, let us pray to know the truth, and be guided by it always.

#### OUR SUMMER BOARDERS.

WE hadn't any idea of taking summer boarders, for our house is on a dusty, street-car stricken street in a crowded city, and we had no allurements to offer those who wished a cool, quiet retreat during the summer months. But we have a little gem of a back-porch, shaded by a wild grape-vine, whose seed some kindly wind brought and planted for us; and about four o'clock on summer afternoons, when the heat made our front rooms uncomfortable, we women folks, with sewing, books and rocking-chairs, would repair to this bower which had apparently been shaded for us. One of these afternoons, when the heat made conversation lag, and we were unusually quiet, we heard a low, contented twitter from among our vines; stealthily mounting a chair and peering among the leaves, we discovered our *summer boarders*. On a tiny nest, that rocked with every breeze, sat a little brown wren, with a world of solicitude and motherliness beaming from her bright eyes. With due apologies for intruding upon her while engaged in domestic duties, and assuring her that she should not be disturbed, we left our perch and proclaimed the glad tidings to the family. A bird's nest in the grape-vines—what a revelation!

In about half an hour another brown bird, whom we supposed to be Mr. Wren, fluttered in among the vines, and then such a chattering as we heard. The wife told him that she had had visitors, and asked if he thought it safe to remain. He answered that he had been sitting on the fence taking a good look at us, and if there was anything in physiognomy, we would not molest them or make them afraid; and, besides, moving was always a trouble; the summer was passing rapidly, and there was no time to lose in the matter they had on hand. She told him she would rely on his judgment, and if he would take care of the house awhile, she would go and find some supper; so off she flew, and the little man took possession.

From this time our summer boarders were a fixed fact, and none but those who have had such boarders can imagine the pleasure and amusement a family of eight "grown ups" can derive from watching their modes of procedure.

Instead of asking our men folks the old ques-

tion, "any news?" we ran to the gate to meet them with the joyful announcement, "There's an egg in the nest," as if there was but one nest and one egg in the world.

Then two eggs, and finally three were proclaimed, and our tiny housekeepers seemed to have enough to do. The little mother-bird stayed at home almost altogether, and Mr. Wren brought little delicacies to coax her appetite. He would lay a fat worm on the edge of the nest, and sing with all the fervor of Faust to Marguerite, "Do take a bite, dear. I know it will do you good. You haven't been out for so long and this is such a fat one." Then Mrs. Wren would chirp out that she wasn't a bit hungry, but she'd try a little to please him; and such an outburst of rejoicing on his part as you never heard, I know. They became quite used to us, and even tolerated our opening the vines to say "good morning" to them.

One morning, we noticed an unusual fluttering in and out of the vines, and upon investigation, found three little gaping mouths, at the ends of three extremely long necks, stretching up out of the little home. Such a jubilee as was going on in birddom! I really believe the proud, consequential father brought all the wrens in the neighborhood to see those little prodigies. Such hungry things as they were, too, and so greedy and selfish toward each other—jostling and pushing for the first bite. Their conduct entirely exploded the old belief that "birds in their little nests agree," for ours didn't. We watched their growth from fuzz to feathers. At first mamma sat on the nest and covered them with her wings. But by and by they were too large for such coddling, and the unselfish mother perched on the edge of the nest or an adjoining twig, and where she stayed at night is an unsolved mystery. Their appetites increased amazingly, and the father and mother were constantly on the wing from four o'clock until six to give the greedy little Oliver Twists their supper. While the father and mother were out foraging one afternoon the little ones grew so lively and frisked about so that they spilled themselves out of the nest; and such a sight as the half-grown things were! half-running, half-flying on the grass, all legs and heads with a slight sprinkling of feathers. We put them back in the nest, but it was of no use. Having had a taste of freedom, they were hungry for more, and fluttered out much faster than we could put them in. When the parents arrived, actual astonishment was depicted on their countenances. They chirped to their offspring, and suggested their return to the nest, but no, they wouldn't be persuaded, so the parents consulted aside, seemed to agree, and, with alluring chirps and bird-like beckonings, led the tottering steps and trembling wings of their obstinate nestlings to an adjoining vacant lot, where we lost sight of them, and so departed our summer boarders. The deserted nest is among our household treasures, and speaks to us of our gentle visitors, who brought blitheness and cheerfulness with them, taught faith and patience while they were with us, and departing, left behind them a pleasant memory.

HILDA.



## BOYS' EPIDEMICS.

I DON'T mean measles, scarlet fever or whooping-cough. I mean those yearly epidemics that come just as surely as the seasons come about.

Now, my Neddy is the *first boy* in the family, and he is a great "curiosity" to us all. Every day some one of us is saying, "What will the boy be up to next?" We knew that boys had *hoop-time*, *marble-time* and *top-time*, and always had those times in the strangest seasons, too. For marble-time is sure to come just when March winds are blowing their hardest, and the frost is coming out of the ground, making *such muddy* walking; then, when you go out, every dry place on the sidewalk is sure to have its knot of boys with red fingers and loud, earnest talk about "alleys and agates." Then, a month or two later, when grown people feel so "*springey* and languid" and talk about "spring medicines" and "*tonics*," your boy is racing the street with a hoop. Still later, when summer heats are fairly upon us, the boys all talk about balls and bats, and practice ball and bat till you wonder what a boy is made of that he can play ball for hours in a July sun! But it is not of these fevers I write. This spring you could not walk through our streets at one time for weeks without seeing that every boy you met had a ball with a long elastic cord fastened to it, and bounce, bounce on the sidewalk would go the ball only to be twitched back again to the boy's hand.

Master Neddy "had the fever bad," and for the space of two weeks I lived in a state of nervousness indescribable, for his little, four-year-old hands tossed that ball in every room of the house, to the danger of lamps, looking-glasses and window-panes. It was his constant companion. The end of the cord having a loop which he put his finger through, and so the ball need not be carried in his hand, but went dangling after him. Finally the cord broke, and that fever ended.

Walking down town one day our ears were saluted with a strange sound—something like the *squawk* of a hoarse chicken. We looked all about us, but saw nothing. An innocent-looking boy was walking right behind us. Presently we looked behind and saw the boy with a great red bubble in his mouth, as we thought.

"Ah! a new kind of soap-bubble pipe," we said, in our innocence, when "*squawk, squawk*," came again, and we beheld the bubble in the boy's hand slowly collapsing, and seemingly sending forth wails of dying agony.

"And what do you call that, my boy?" we asked.

"A *balloon-whistle*, marm," was the reply, and the boy proceeded to inflate the little red nuisance again.

"Squaw, squawk," at every step we took that day in the city, and we took the car for our country home most devoutly hoping the fever had not reached our quiet town.

Just two days after, Ned rushed in for a penny to buy "just the funniest thing you ever saw, mamma."

"What is it, black eyes?"

"Oh, it's a whistle what don't go in your mouth, but puffs out, and when you take it away makes such a funny noise."

"So the fever has come," we sighed—but gave the penny, nevertheless. The balloon lasted two hours—the fever raged about a week, and during that time all Neddy's pennies went for balloon-whistles, some of which lasted till he could get home from the toy-store and some broke by the way.

After that fever was ended, we had no epidemic amongst us till last week. One day, I was startled by a most unearthly sound in the back yard, like the wail of some tortured animal or the forlorn cries of some young rooster being carried head downwards to the block to meet his fate.

Out I ran. Three boys were in our yard, each with an old tin can in his hand. Very innocent they looked, swinging those cans each by a string. Presently one boy drew the string through his fingers. Horrors! Could anybody but a boy ever invent such a machine for discordant noise? Who but a boy made the discovery that a "waxed end" drawn through a battered tomato-can would emit unearthly yells?

Whether the much-enduring mothers put an end to it before it became a decided fever or whether the boys themselves could not endure it, I do not know, but that did not get to be an "epidemic."

Bless the boys, what will they do next? Grimy hands; tousled heads; torn trousers; muddy feet; noisy voices; monkey actions; wilful ways. Bless you, boys, for you keep us all wondering.

VARA.

## A LETTER.

DEAR EDITOR: I've been an earnest reader of your excellent magazine for twelve years, and I love and prize it so highly that I feel as if I couldn't keep house without it. I dearly love the "Home Circle," and all those whom I meet there. They have become to me like *personal friends*.

Dear "Lichen," I can sympathize with you, for I, too, have been an invalid the greater part of my life. You have *very* often cheered and comforted me in hours of pain and sadness. Your "Thoughts on the closing year," were *especially* a treat to me. I liked so much your comparison of the seasons of the year with the seasons of our life; and your definition of the word "joy," I think was perfect. Ah! how few persons there are in this world who ever truly experience that emotion! That which "dwells deep down in the heart, welling up from it in springs of pure happiness" and perfect bliss. And, Lichen, do you really believe that out of our sorrows, our heart-aches, our heavy cares and bitter trials here will grow the brighter and purer heavenly joys in the end? Oh, if we could feel and think so, what a comfort 'twould be to us while bearing those burdens here! I would like to thank "Chatty" for the good she has done me, if I knew how; perhaps in the future I may, and also tell some of the things I know, if I'm permitted.

Lou,

## Evenings with the Poets.

BY AND BY.

BY MARGARET PRESTON.

WHAT will it matter by and by  
Whether my path below was bright,  
Whether it wound through dark or light,  
Under a gray or a golden sky,  
When I look back on it, by and by?

What will it matter by and by,  
Whether, unhelped, I toiled alone,  
Dashing my foot against a stone,  
Missing the charge of the angel nigh,  
Bidding me think of the by and by?

What will it matter by and by,  
Whether with dancing joy I went  
Down through the years with a gay content,  
Never believing—nay, not I,  
Tears would be sweeter by and by?

What will it matter by and by,  
Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain  
Close by the pallid angel Pain,  
Soothing myself through sob and sigh—  
"All will be otherwise, by and by?"

What will it matter? Naught, if I  
Only am sure the way I've trod,  
Gloomy or gladdened, leads to God,  
Questioning not of the how, the why,  
If I but reach Him, by and by.

What will I care for the unshaded sigh,  
If, in my fear of lapse or fall,  
Close I have clung to Christ through all,  
Mindless how rough the road might lie,  
Sure He will smoothen it by and by?

What will it matter by and by?  
Nothing but this; that joy or pain  
Lifted me skyward—helped to gain,  
Whether through rack or smile or sigh,  
Heaven, Hope, All in All—by and by!

### A BIRTHDAY.

BY ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

NOW when the landscape lies all hushed and  
stilly,  
Beneath the cold gray sky and shrouding snow,  
Dawns the dim birthday, shadowy and chilly,  
Of my sweet winter-child—my rare white lily;  
Loved all too well, and lost so long ago.

Sometimes I marvel, dazed by doubt and distance,  
Whether she was a mortal baby fair,  
Or some more glorified and pure existence  
Lent for a little—a divine assistance  
To help me over uttermost despair.

I bring to other birthdays kiss and token,  
And loving wishes crowding fond and fast—  
To this I only bring a woe unspoken,  
Bitter, rebellious tears, a heart half broken,  
Bruising itself against the cruel past.

Year after year I think of her as older,  
And muse upon her growth, and softly speak;  
Now without stooping I could clasp and hold her,  
And now her golden head would reach my shoulder,  
And now her sweet white brow would touch my  
cheek.

Would earthly years have had the power to ren-  
der

That holy face less innocent and fair?  
And those clear eyes, so luminous and tender,  
Would they have kept undimmed their depths of  
splendor,  
Amid these heavy clouds of grief and care?

I wonder, when I see my locks grow duller  
By blighting years, and streaked with silvery  
strands,  
If her bright hair has still the sun-warm color  
It wore when on my breast I used to lull her,  
Smoothing its shining waves with loving hands.

While time has aged and saddened me so greatly,  
Has she outgrown each changing, childish  
mood?

By the still waters does she walk sedately,  
A tall and radiant spirit, fair and stately,  
In the full prime of perfect angelhood?

In that far dwelling, where I cannot reach her,  
Has she who was so fragile and so sweet—  
An untaught babe, a tender little creature—  
Grown wise enough to be my guide and teacher,  
And will her presence awe me when we meet?

Oh, if her baby face has waxed no older,  
Or if to angel stature she has grown—  
Whether as child or woman I behold her,  
With what wild rapture will these arms enfold  
her—

This longing heart reclaim her for its own!  
*Scribner's Monthly.*

### THE ELM AND THE VINE.

From the Spanish of José Rosas, of Mexico.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

"UPHOLD my feeble branches  
With thy strong arms, I pray;"  
Thus to the Elm, her neighbor—  
The Vine—was heard to say;  
"Else, lying low and helpless,  
A weary lot is mine;  
Crawled o'er by every reptile,  
And browsed by hungry kine."  
The Elm was moved to pity;  
Then spoke the generous tree:  
"My hapless friend, come hither,  
And find support in me."  
The kindly Elm, receiving  
The graceful Vine's embrace,  
Became, with that adornment,  
The garden's pride and grace;  
Became the chosen covert  
In which the wild birds sing;  
Became the love of shepherds,  
And glory of the Spring.

Oh, beautiful example  
For youthful minds to heed!  
The good we do to others  
Shall never miss its need;  
The love of those whose sorrows  
We lighten, shall be ours,  
And o'er the path we walk in  
That love shall scatter flowers.

*Church Union.*

## Housekeepers' Department.

### HOUSEKEEPING MADE PLEASANT.

BY CELIA SANFORD.

"IF it weren't for this never-ending routine of housework, one might contrive to get a little pleasure out of life; but, as it is, it is simply impossible! I am tired to death, and sick of the whole thing; and, though I know it is wicked, I cannot help wishing sometimes that I had never consented to become a farmer's wife. Now there is Della Bickford, she just lives in splendor; has a carriage at her command, a full purse to spend as she pleases, and no end of fine dresses and jewelry—no sham jewelry, but real solid gold, and pearls and diamonds; and she never has to do a stitch of work; no delving in the hot kitchen these fine mornings, with never a chance to catch a breath of fresh air for her. And more than all this, she has a whole library of the choicest books at her command, and magazines and papers, and such costly pictures; while George can give me only one magazine, much as I love reading—though he has promised to add one nice new book to our little library every year. And only to think, I might have been in her place as well as where I am;" and the petulant little lady's chin quivered quite perceptibly.

Had you been near enough to observe her closely, you would have seen a very clouded face, with little lines of discouragement and vexation running all over it; and had you watched the flush that came and went upon her cheek, you would have known that two spirits were striving together for mastery in the troubled heart, that beat and throbbed so tumultuously. Soon the good spirit, in a measure, prevailed, for, after a short silence, she exclaimed: "But, after all, I had rather have George Irvine—my dear, kind, noble George, what *could* he think if he knew that I had envied Della?—poverty and all (though, to be sure, he isn't so very poor; at least he doesn't think so, for he says that eighty acres of good land, with a comfortable home, ought to satisfy any man who is just beginning in life), for a husband, than a thousand like old Asa Bickford, if each one had twice his money. If he has seen one day, he has seen fifty years, and he has not a single qualification to recommend him *except* his money; and I shouldn't want that if I had to have him into the bargain. I'm glad I was not caught in that trap! But, oh dear! why can't folks be rich and agreeable, too?" and she tapped her little slipped foot upon the floor with a nervous vehemence.

"I should like living on a farm well enough," she continued, "were it not for the work and worry; but this is just robbing my life of every ray of its sunshine. Life has a very different outlook from what it did a year ago. I am fading and growing old every day. Plain prose, and very plain at that, is fast crowding all the poetry out of my young life;" and again she gazed longingly in the direction of the stately mansion, which was to be plainly seen from her window.

Oh, why should that mansion, situated on a lovely slope of rising ground, with its graded walks and beautiful grounds, have been placed in such near and striking contrast with the humble cottage which nestled so quietly among the willows by the brooklet's side? And yet it was not often that the mistress of the little cottage was envious of her more pretentious neighbors; and if her spirits had not been unusually depressed, the lovely view from the south window, by which she was standing this beautiful June morning, would have awakened better feelings; for Maggie Irvine was an ardent lover of the beautiful. But it is natural to suppose that when one has the blues, everything—even the silvery sheen of the quiet lake in the distance, and

the hills rising one above another covered with every variety and shade of green, and meadows, and orchards, and cornfields, with long, straight rows of young corn rising gracefully above the rich brown earth, and the grassy lawns and blooming flowers—should be seen as through a glass darkly.

"But I must not stand idling here. George has work-folks to-day, and there isn't a mouthful of cooking done. Oh dear!"

There was a gentle tap at the door, and a cheery voice cried out: "Talking to yourself, Maggie?"

"Yes; I hadn't any one else to talk to just now. But, O Aunt Rachel, to think that you should have caught me thus!"

"How? Talking to yourself? That's nothing. I often do."

"Not that; but you see I haven't got my morning's work done up."

"Well, never mind, it's early. Your Uncle William was going to town, and I thought it would be a good time to come and see you. I had been thinking so long of coming over."

"I'm real glad you thought to come. I might have had my work finished, but I was out of sorts and clear discouraged this morning. It is so warm, and everything is in such a tangle, I really did not know where to begin first," and the little woman laughed, though her blue eyes were filled with tears.

Aunt Rachel had discovered the tangle at a glance, but was too wise and kind to pretend to notice it; and she said cheerfully: "I am going to help you. Can I put on this long apron?"

"Indeed I cannot allow you to. Sit down and talk to me. I feel so much better now, I can soon have things straightened up."

But Aunt Rachel was already rattling familiarly the dishes, as she gathered them from the table and transferred them to the sink.

"I don't believe there is a drop of water hot; and, oh dear, the fire is quite out!"

"It won't take long to kindle it." And the cheery woman bustled about in a manner peculiar to herself, and soon had a blazing hot fire under the kettle.

In a surprisingly short time, Maggie thought, the kitchen and pantry were tidied up, the dishes washed, and the baking for dinner was drawn smoking hot from the oven and placed on a side table to cool; and the two women were ready to sit down.

"Let's open the front door, Maggie. Your sitting-room is so cool and shaded in the morning. The sun beats right down into this kitchen, and we have been having such a fire."

There was a troubled look on Maggie's face, while bustling Aunt Rachel was opening the front door and rolling up the paper-hangings in the little parlor.

"There, now, aunt," she exclaimed, "you will see every speck of dirt there is. I have been trying for more than a week to get time to straighten up this parlor."

"But don't you use it every day, child? The kitchen is so small and warm."

"No; the fact is, I cannot get around with my work and keep both rooms in order, so I put down the curtains till I should get a little extra time; and everything has been thrown down on the table and chairs, till it looks wretchedly; and *your* house is always so neat and tidy, even in the darkest and most out-of-the-way corner. I know I shall never make a decent housekeeper. I haven't the slightest knack at the business. You can't think how discouraged I get sometimes. Do you think, aunt," she asked, earnestly, while the old look of discouragement and perplexity

returned to her face, "do you think one *could* be really happy and have the charge of a house?"

"What a question, child! Look at me now. Do I look like an unhappy woman. Your Uncle William would shake his sides heartily at the bare idea," and the good woman laughed gleefully. Maggie laughed, too, as she looked at the cheerful, rosy, buxom woman before her, who continued: "Yes, Maggie, I am as free from envy as a kitten. I would rather be a well-to-do farmer's wife, with all their multiplied cares, than to be the wife of a millionaire, or even a queen, and spend my days in idleness."

"But you have a natural tact for housekeeping. You have only to look at things and they dance at once into their places. Just look at that bed now. The bumps and hollows haven't been out of it before for a month, and now it presents a perfectly level surface. And it's just the same with everything you touch. Do tell me, was it always easy for you? Did you know how to do everything when you first began?"

"No, Maggie. I knew but very little about work when I married your Uncle William. I was unfortunate enough to be the youngest of several sisters, and mother never put me to doing much beside chores. So, as I married young, I had everything to learn, and it cost me many a headache and trial before I learned to do my work by system."

"By system. Well, that's a new idea. I shouldn't think there was much chance for system about housework."

"Yet, Maggie, I know of no work that needs it so much. If you leave everything to go at haphazard, you will never know when your work is done."

"I never do, and what is more I never know where to begin."

"That is because you lack system. If you would plan your work, and do everything at the right time, you would find it easier and ever so much more pleasant. Indeed, Maggie, I think that housekeeping might be made very pleasant even to you, by a little painstaking. There is more dignity about the position than one would imagine at first thought. The fact that those of all the world most dear to us, are dependent on our tact and skill in the ordering of our households for much of their enjoyment in life, should be a sufficient inducement, not only to call out all our pride and energy in this direction, but also to elevate and dignify the calling in our minds."

"That all looks plausible enough, and, I dare say, is very plain and easy to you; but I am a perfect novice in all that pertains to the calling. Were it not for my perplexities, I should be amused to look back and think with what complacency I shouldered these burdens with scarcely a misgiving as to the result. But a year's experience has taught me to take quite another view of the matter. I almost wish I had entered a convent instead."

"O Maggie," interrupted her aunt, "you should not indulge such feelings. It won't help the matter in the least."

"But you have no idea what a trial I have; and I know George is clear discouraged sometimes. Things are so continually out of order, and he has often to wait for his meals. He is very kind, and never complains; but he often has such a dejected, disheartened look, which, I am sure, must be caused by my inefficiency, as everything goes right out-of-doors, for he is a careful farmer for a young man. And there is another thing that troubles me; I have noticed that he goes over home on rainy days and other times ever so much oftener than he used to, but I can't blame him when there isn't a decent place for him to sit down in. I suppose it is a mercy that he has a home to go to, else my remissness might drive him into bad company. I know, too, that mother Irvine is tried with me, for I once overheard her saying to one of the girls, 'I had no idea Maggie would make such a slovenly housekeeper, her mother is such a tidy woman!' You see,

aunt, I am making a clean breast of it. I thought I would constitute you my confessor, in the hope that you might devise some plan to help me out of my difficulties. I do think mother was to blame that she did not insist on my learning to do cooking and housework."

"That is where mothers often fail in their duty to their daughters. They willingly subject themselves to excessive labor and toil, that their daughters may grow up free from care; not even requiring them, in many instances, to wait upon themselves. But it is a mistaken kindness; for when these same daughters come to take their places as wives and mothers, they are totally unfit in every respect for the position. And if, through energy and perseverance, they succeed in bringing themselves up to a satisfactory position, it is at infinitely more cost and pains than would have been required at first. I always told your uncle that if Providence should bless me with a dozen girls, every one of them should receive a thorough and practical training in everything that pertains to household arts. But as my girls are all boys, I have had no opportunity to try my skill in that line."

"O aunt, I wish you would try your hand on me. I will be a diligent and obedient scholar. I will play that I am only ten years old, and you shall be my mother; and see if I don't profit by your teachings! I cannot expect, of course, to make such a housekeeper as you are. But if I could only learn to do things so as to suit George, and make home pleasant, I should be so glad."

"There is no reason why you should not become as good a housekeeper as any in the land; and your desire to keep your husband's affection and company to yourself, will be a spur to help you on. You are quick of perception, and if you can once learn to order your work, and take advantage of it, you will improve very fast."

"Yes, but I want particular instructions. Generalizing don't seem to help the matter much."

"Well, then, I don't know as I can do better than to give you my process. So we will begin with Monday. Things are generally more out of order Monday morning than at any other time of the week. Books, papers and things are left lying around more carelessly on the Sabbath than at any other time. In the first place, I am sure to rise with the sun, or before it. I can work so much better in the cool of the morning. Before I leave my room I wash, comb and brush my hair; see that my shoes are neatly laced, and that my dress is nice and well-ordered in every respect, so that I may not appear untidy to any of the family. And, Maggie, if you wish to be beloved and admired by your husband, be very careful of your personal appearance; at the very least as careful as you were before your marriage. A great deal depends upon the matter of taste in dress and appearance. Never leave your room in the morning till your hair is neatly put up, and your dress, however simple it may be, tastefully arranged; never omitting a plain white collar with a knot of some bright-colored ribbon at the throat; and at this season of the year a flower with a bit of green in the hair is very becoming, and shows that you are taking pains to please somebody."

Maggie colored as she thought of the tumbled hair and soiled wrapper that usually appeared opposite to her husband at the breakfast-table; but she was taking lessons now, so she listened, as her aunt proceeded to say: "I am careful to have the breakfast-room in perfect order; the table spread with a clean cloth, and the dishes and food nicely arranged; and I am seldom so busy that I do not find time to cut a few fresh, dewy roses, or other flowers, and arrange them among grasses in a little china vase for the centre of the table. The boys all love flowers dearly, and would miss mother's vase on the breakfast-table, in the season of flowers, almost as soon as they would the plate of butter, or the cream for the coffee."



"These things have an influence on the boys, and help to make them careful of their own appearance. Now, they never think of coming to the table with uncombed hair; and they always carefully remove the outside roundabout which they wear while doing their chores, and their fresh rosy faces are pleasant to behold. This breakfast hour is a very pleasant hour. As we are not hurried for time, we always chat a little while, and father and the boys plan the work for the day."

Maggie winced again as she remembered the hurried and often careless preparations for the morning meal in her own little breakfast-room. Yet a new light was dawning on her mind, and hope was springing up in her heart.

"After breakfast, I do what baking I shall need for the day. A cake, or a loaf of gingerbread, two or three pies, a pudding, or whatever I may happen to need. This done, it is off my mind for the day; and if unexpected company chance to call, I am all ready, and do not have to give a thought to my tea till time to set the table. It saves a great deal of worry. Then I wash dishes, make beds, sweep and dust, and by nine, or half past, am at liberty to sew, knit or read, or whatever I like.

"I don't wash on Monday. Some people think it a sure sign of a slovenly housekeeper not to wash on Monday. But I seldom do; but always Tuesday, unless some unavoidable circumstance happen to prevent it. I change my beds Monday, pick up and sort all my clothes; putting the white ones to soak over night; and see that tubs, wringer, soap, bluing and starch are all ready in the wash-room. There is always a little time after the chores are done, when the men are at leisure, and then I have them draw what water I shall need for the wash."

"That is the hardest work I have to do. I almost broke my arms yesterday drawing water to wash with, but George was busy hoeing corn, and I did not like to call on him."

"If you had asked him to draw it the night before, he would likely have had time."

"Yes, for he did nothing after supper but milk the cow. I never think of asking him to draw water till I am ready to use it, and then, generally, he is not at hand."

"After supper, I get everything ready for breakfast. If there is to be hash, it is minced; or the potatoes are pared and covered with cold water; the fish is picked up, or the pork sliced, and put to soak, closely covered; the kindlings are ready in a basket by the stove; and the rooms are thoroughly swept, and everything in place. Then, in the morning, I don't find things topsy-turvy, and you can't think how much easier it is to do the work. When the washing is finished, I get some time to rest, as the morning's baking and work is thoroughly done up while the water is heating."

"Wednesday I iron the clothes, which were sprinkled and folded the night before, laying out whatever needs the least repair. This is attended to the very first sewing I do, so that my husband or the boys may never come to me at an inopportune moment, with a rent to be sewed up or a missing button to be replaced. Indeed, I never suffer anything to be put aside that is not ready for use. Bed and table linen are kept in separate drawers, and the same may be said of each boy's wardrobe, so if any one of them needed anything in mother's absence, they would know just where to find it. It is seldom that I could not put my hand on whatever I might chance to need in the darkest night. Tin or ironware is never put away damp and left to rust; or tubs left out in the sun to loosen the hoops; or closets left in a filthy condition. Old Mrs. Clay used to say that there was a slut's corner in the best regulated house, but I resent the assertion. But, really, Maggie, I have visited at houses where the knives had to be scoured or the silverware polished before the table could be set; or, if company should drop in of an

evening—would you believe it?—the lamp must be filled and the chimney cleaned before a light could be obtained. And once, actually, I went with a friend to see a lady who was called a notable housekeeper, and we had to sit in the kitchen till the parlor stove was blackened and a fire kindled. It was during the holidays, too."

"Yes, but aunt, I should think it would take you every blessed minute to keep every thing in order beforehand."

"It doesn't take half the time to keep ahead of your work that it does to overtake it, if you allow it to get ahead of you; and it saves a great deal of worry, which is harder any time than work."

"I quite agree with you; and I just begin to see why your brow is always so calm and placid. Do you know, I have wondered so often why the crowfoot and wrinkles never gained a footing in your face, and how you could always manage to look so fresh and cheerful with your houseful of boys, and dairy, and so much to be done. But I think I understand it all now. You would laugh to know how I have pitied you, when you did not stand in need of my sympathy at all, and all because you persisted in doing things at just the right time till the habit was formed; and now, instead of a tiresome round of duties, what you have do is a pleasure if not a positive luxury. And, O aunt, you don't know what a burden you have lifted from my heart. What I believed this morning to be impossible, now seems to be practicable and easy of attainment. I am going to turn over a new leaf this very day. And if I get discouraged sometimes, I shall know where to go for aid and counsel. My dear George shall have a housekeeper yet that he will not be ashamed of. I can see now just how surprised and pleased he will look to-morrow morning, when I come to the table in my pink wrapper and white apron, with my hair curled just as he likes to see it, and the table so nice and fresh, too. Thanks to you, auntie, my good fairy, life looks brighter ahead. I sha'n't mind working hard if I can only make home beautiful and the pleasantest place in all the world for my dear husband."

"That is right, Maggie. I think you stand in need of no further suggestions at present. You do not lack perseverance if you once get started in the right direction. I am sure at no distant day you will agree with me that housekeeping may be made not only endurable, but very pleasant."

### OYSTERS, FISH-BALLS, HASHES, ETC.

**H**ALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH published during the last year a story under the title of "Our Summer at Maplewood," in which an attempt was made to embody in popular form various methods of preparing food, so as to make it palatable and healthy at the same time. The recipes given were all carefully tested. We make an extract which housekeepers will read with interest:

"For frying oysters," I said, "I like cracker-crumbs rolled very fine and sifted, so that you have almost cracker-flour. The oysters should be taken singly, and well rinsed in their own liquor, or in cold water, so that no particle of shell shall adhere to them, and laid upon a sieve or folded napkin, to drain. While the oysters are draining, season the cracker-crumbs with salt and Cayenne pepper. Mix the seasoning very thoroughly with the cracker-dust; dip each oyster in well-beaten egg, and roll it freely in the cracker. Lay it on a plate, or board, convenient to handle. Prepare in this way all the oysters before you begin to fry. A thick dripping-pan or deep griddle answers well for frying them in. When everything is ready, place in the pan an ounce or two of lard. The exact quantity required depends upon the size of the pan and the number of oysters. When the lard is boiling hot, add to it an equal quantity of butter. As soon as the butter is melted and mixed with the lard, fill the pan with

oysters, laying them close together. Let the heat be enough to fry quickly, but not so great as to burn. When brown on one side, turn the oysters; and when nicely brown on both sides, lift to a heated platter, and serve immediately. Fried oysters, chicken, potatoes, etc., are supposed to be nicer served on a napkin.

"It is well to let the lard get hot in the pan before the butter is added, as the butter is not so likely to scorch as when put in the pan at first. Place enough of the mixture in the pan before you begin frying, to fry the oysters on both sides; but if a second panful is to be fried, the pan must be washed, and all the burnt grease removed, or the oysters will be badly damaged by it. When properly cooked, the oyster comes to the table of a light brown color, thinly coated all over with crumbs—not warm, greasy and leathery, but hot and juicy, and tasting precisely like—a fried oyster!

"For scalloped oysters, prepare the crumbs by drying bread very thoroughly in a cool oven. Broken pieces and crusts will answer as well as whole slices, if the bread is of good quality and the crusts not brown. Several hours will be required to dry the bread sufficiently; and it will not be injured if lightly browned in the process. When dried, roll it very fine, rejecting whatever will not crush into fine crumbs. Season the crumbs well with salt, pepper and butter, rubbing all between the hands until thoroughly mixed. Rinse and drain the oysters the same as for frying. The dish in which scalloped oysters are cooked should be shallow, holding not more than three or four layers of oysters and crumbs. Scatter a thin layer of crumbs over the bottom of the dish, and place a layer of oysters upon them. Over these scatter a thin layer of crumbs, and lay in more oysters. So fill the dish, covering each layer of oysters with a layer of crumbs. Over the top place the crumbs thickly, so as to form a coating or crust, which will protect the oysters from exposure. It requires three-quarters of an hour to cook scalloped oysters three or four layers deep. The oven should be hotter than for bread—hot enough to cook as quickly as possible without burning the crumbs. The dish should be of a rich brown all over the top before it is moved from the oven; and when served, the oysters should be plump and juicy. The juice, however, should be found inside the oysters, while on the outside they should be so dry as to roll and tumble about on the plate. They should not be wet, sticky and packed together; nor shrunken, leathery and sloppy from too much moisture and from slow cooking or over-cooking. Oysters—whether stewed, fried, scalloped or broiled—should never be cooked long enough to collapse and become tough and juiceless."

"Kate, in the matter of food, my sympathies are with country people," observed Emmeline, as we rose from the table. "They usually cook their food in such a careless, slovenly manner, and have so little variety in it, that but for their active out-door lives they would certainly lose all appetite, and die of starvation. It is hard to imagine how people manage to survive who, day after day, for years, drink the same sloppy coffee, and eat the same sour, heavy bread, and badly-cooked meat and vegetables, which one is treated to at the average country house! But the worst of it all is that they worry through life on such fare, and never realize the fact that it is possible to prepare food in any other or better way. Your cook-book will give them useful hints on preparing frizzled beef, codfish, etc., but can't you also suggest some improvement in hashes and the warmed-up meats and potatoes which are so often found upon their breakfast-tables? And, by the way, don't forget fish-balls. There is such a vast difference between a perfect fish-ball and a fish-ball as ordinarily made and cooked, that I think the subject deserves special mention."

"Yes," I replied, "the difference between an ordinary and a perfect fish-ball is as marked and appreciable as between any other properly and improperly prepared article of food. To make perfect fish-balls requires

care and attention. Salt fish should be soaked for several hours in cold water, then boiled slowly until very tender. The potatoes should be well boiled, dry and mealy. Take measure for measure of fish, picked clean from skin and bones, and potatoes. Add a fresh egg, a small piece of butter, Cayenne pepper, and a little sweet milk. Work these ingredients so perfectly together that the fish and potato are indivisible as are two drops of water run together. In this thorough mixing consists the chief art of making codfish-balls. Roll this mixture into round balls between the hands, dust with flour, and fry in boiling lard. If the balls crack and come to pieces in the lard, it is because the lard is not hot enough or the balls are too soft. These round balls, fried in a quantity of boiling lard, will be found far superior, for most tastes, to flat cakes made of the same fish and fried in a small amount of grease. When nicely brown, the ball should be lifted from the lard in a wire skimmer, dried on a napkin, and served hot. When boiled fish, with drawn butter, has been served for dinner, what is left can be made into balls, and the gravy used instead of butter and milk. Delicious balls can also be made of fresh fish, either baked or boiled, and a proportion of light bread soaked in sweet milk may be used in place of potato.

"All cold fresh meats, when properly hashed and served, make nice, palatable breakfast-dishes. In preparing these dishes great care should be taken to throw out all gristle, tough skin and dry, chippy portions. The meat should then be hashed very fine, and mixed either with hashed potato or bread crumbed and soaked in sweet milk. Ordinary hash, made of equal proportions of corned beef and potato, can be much improved, and made really delicious, by adding bread-crumbs soaked in milk, or sweet milk or cream without the crumbs, and working it well with the hand, then forming it into rolls and browning in the oven. Or, it may be placed in a well-buttered bread-pan of medium size, and put in a hot oven until it is brown on the bottom and sides, and perfectly heated. When ready to serve, turn it from the pan on a heated platter. Very nice hashed meat-balls or cakes are made by mixing with hashed meat bread crumbed and soaked in sweet milk and a fresh egg. Season to taste with salt and pepper and sweet herbs, if liked. If the meat is mostly lean, sweet cream or a little butter must be added. Make into round cakes, and fry quickly in a small quantity of hot fat. When brown on both sides, serve hot. For frying all these meat-and-potato cakes the fat fried out of salt pork is much nicer than fresh lard.

"Scrapple," made in the following manner, is both palatable and nutritious. Instead of pork, which is generally used for making scrapple, take a piece of beef, or a beef-bone with meat on it, and boil slowly till very tender. Strain the liquor into an earthen bowl, and set aside. Separate the bone from the meat, and, when cold, hash the meat very fine and put it in a kettle with the liquor and half of the fat that has risen on it. Season with salt and pepper; and, when it boils, thicken with corn-meal. Stir in the meal as in making mush or hasty pudding. When thick enough, or as thick as mush, pour into a pan to cool; and, when cold, cut in slices and fry in a skillet or on a hot griddle. In cool weather, scrapple will keep several days, and is a convenient breakfast-dish.

"Hashed potato warmed, I think much nicer than that which is coarsely sliced. This is my method of preparing it: Place a small piece of butter in the kettle or pan to be used for warming, and when melted, add milk or thin cream (which is better), with salt and pepper to taste; and, lastly add the hashed potato. Cover closely, and set where it will heat slowly. The milk should boil up through and over the potato, and have time to soak into it pretty thoroughly. It should be stirred very little; and, when served, milk should be visible. Hashed potato warmed in this manner is very nice with beefsteak, ham or cold meat."

## Centennial Notes.

**HOW TO CELEBRATE NEXT "FOURTH."**—The Centennial authorities in a circular earnestly recommend that throughout the country the local celebrations of the Fourth of July, 1876, be made to contribute to a permanent historical memorial of the Centennial; that in each county an address be delivered, tracing the history of that community for the past century or from the time of its settlement, and sketching its growth, resources, industries, prospects, etc., the addresses to be published in uniform size and bound by the respective States. To competent persons the commission believe that the preparation of such addresses would not be an unduly burdensome task, but in the aggregate they would constitute an invaluable historical repository such as no nation has ever had the opportunity to collect. It is recommended to designate the historian without delay, that there may be time for the accomplishment of the work.

**SWEDEN.**—Among the Swedish exhibits will be a meteorite weighing three and a half tons, found a few years ago in Greenland by Nordenskiöld, the Swedish geologist. Already five hundred persons have engaged to exhibit from that country, one hundred of them in the department of fine arts. The chief display will be of iron, her main source of revenue, although the manufacture of watches and majolica ware will receive much attention. Considering Sweden's population of four millions and her Centennial appropriation of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, she has done better than any other foreign nation.

**EXTENT OF GROUND AND NUMBER OF BUILDINGS.**—On the 4th of July, 1874, the first shovel of earth was removed by the Mayor of Philadelphia from the spot on which now stands Memorial Hall.

Since that time there have been enclosed for the use of the Exhibition two hundred and thirty acres.

The following buildings have been erected, and have either been completed, or are in a condition to be completed in ample time for the Exhibition:

The Main Building covering.....	21.47 acres.
Art Gallery (Memorial Hall).....	1.50 "
Machinery Hall.....	14.00 "
Horticultural Hall.....	1.50 "
Agricultural Building.....	10.15 "

Making a total of.....48.62 "

Add to this other structures, such as the Government, leather, carriage and photograph buildings, of about twelve acres, and it will give, of actual flooring for exhibition purposes, about sixty acres.

This is exclusive of the space occupied by the buildings erected by foreign nations, the several States and for general purposes connected with the Exhibition.

The whole of them will not be less in number than one hundred and fifty buildings.

Compare this work with the great Exhibitions that have taken place in other parts of the world.

The following is a list of exhibitions elsewhere, with the space covered, and the cost of erection:

	Space covered.	Cost.
London, 1851.....	20 acres.	\$1,464,000
New York, 1853.....	5½ "	500,000
Paris, 1855.....	30 "	4,000,000
London, 1862.....	24 "	2,300,000
Paris, 1867.....	40½ "	4,586,763
Vienna, 1873.....	50 "	9,850,000

The cost of erecting the Philadelphia Exhibition Buildings (exclusive of buildings erected by the United States Government, the several States and foreign nations,) will reach about seven million dollars.

**WOMEN'S CENTENNIAL WORK.**—The resolution passed by the Women's Centennial Executive Committee, which opposed an unrestricted exhibition of specimens of women's clothing, having excited some criticism, Mrs. Gillespie states that it is exactly because the clothing of women occupies more attention, consumes more time and involves greater expense than all other forms of women's work that its unrestricted exhibition is vetoed by the committee, who believe that there are other pursuits more promotive than too much attention to dress—of women's moral and intellectual progress. Ladies' committees from all but two States of the Union sanctioned the resolution, claiming that having erected the Women's Pavilion they had the sole right to exhibit therein what they pleased; artistic needlework, lace, embroidery, etc., are not excluded; jewelry will be largely displayed in the other buildings; space was applied for to exhibit one hundred life-size figures in appropriate costume, ten representing each decade for the last hundred years; for one figure to each decade space could have been granted, but not for so many; it was therefore refused; clothing of artistic make, in parts or entire, will be admitted so long as space remains; a large number of the inventors and patentees of novelties in women's dress have applied for exhibiting room, but these, too, have been excluded; all that is interesting in "women's work" will be covered by the intended exhibition of artistic dress, fancy needlework, lace, embroidery, drawing, painting, lithography, statuary, literature and the important display of the means by which woman has aided in increasing the educational facilities in the United States.

**THE CHARITABLE WORKS OF WOMEN.**—The Women's Centennial Executive Committee has appointed a sub-committee of their number to obtain information concerning the various forms of religious, philanthropic and patriotic work organized or conducted by women in America and in foreign countries. This is done to enable them to give a bird's-eye view of women's work in these directions at the International Exhibition, and to illustrate the fact that a large proportion of the charities of the world are now conducted by women. It will comprehend within its scope homes and asylums of all sorts; mission work in its broadest sense in our cities, country and foreign lands; industrial schools and sisterhoods; the temperance cause, and every other organized form of benevolence.

It is proposed, as far as possible, to have a printed report of the progress of such good works.

**ITEMS OF INTEREST.**—For the Art Exhibition, the most eminent American artists are understood to be at work, and it may be confidently stated that, especially in the department of landscape painting, the United States will present a finer display than the public has been led to expect. Quite aside from the contributions of American artists, applications from abroad call for more than four times the exhibiting space afforded by the great Memorial Hall. Provision for the surplus will be made in temporary fire-proof buildings, though all exhibiting nations will be represented in the central Art Gallery.

In the centre of the lake-bed, just west of Machinery Hall, brick arches are being erected upon which to rest, immediately above the surface of the lake, a fountain basin forty feet in diameter, in the centre of which jets will play from a heap of rocks. Two Austrian gondolas are to be transported by the commissioner of that country and placed upon the lake, which will also contain many other poetical attractions.

THE list of exhibitors in the British section embraces almost all the largest manufacturing firms in the United Kingdom. London, Sheffield, Glasgow, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Huddersfield, Belfast, Dublin, Leeds, and several other manufacturing cities, will be particularly represented. The list includes the names of some seven hundred firms, embracing almost every known variety of industry.

THE driving-wheels of the first locomotive run in America will be exhibited at the Centennial.

THIRTY-SEVEN foreign nations have accepted invitations to take part in the Exhibition.

BELGIUM has applied for nine thousand square feet of wall space in the Art Gallery, and the Argentine Republic for five hundred square feet of space in the same building.

FRANCE has asked for space in Memorial Hall for two thousand pictures.

GOBELINS tapestry and Sevres china will be exhibited by France.

## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

THE trimming most in favor this winter, if we may judge by the costumes seen upon our streets, for cloaks, and even entire suits, is fur. Fur borders of every color and quality—black, brown, gray and mixed—and ranging in price from a half dollar a yard up to five or six times as much, are used in trimming all kinds of garments, and almost all qualities of goods.

There is no longer any aristocracy in fur. The cheapest kinds are recognized as quite as much to be respected, and as appropriate in their place, as the more expensive ones. At no time have our furriers offered more extensive assortments of fur goods, or reaped richer harvests. Many exceedingly cheap sets of furs are offered to the public, and are disposed of as readily as the more expensive ones; and many a lady who, in years past, would have scorned to wear anything but a costly sable, or at least a good imitation of the same, now courageously adopts the cheaper substitute, and does not desire to impose upon the credulity of others by making them believe it to be a genuine sable.

In fact, imitations are no longer the order of the day. Velvet is not to be considered a sham silk velvet; machine-made lace no longer apes the pretensions of hand-made; and cheap furs do not try to pass themselves off for the rarer kinds. Each one of these, in deciding to be themselves, and nothing more, have augmented their respectability, and are no longer tabooed in good society. And here is a useful lesson for those people who would like to pass themselves off for more than they are. Be content to be your simple selves, and people will think the more of you.

Muffs are very small this season. If the sacque be fur-trimmed, then the muff is frequently of the same material as the sacque, with a band at either end of fur

to match the trimming of the sacque. Muffs made in this manner are frequently black, with fur trimming of a light, contrasting color. Even when the muff is all of fur, it is not infrequently of two colors, a dark and a light.

Seal-skin caps, so much worn a year or two ago, are decreasing in popular favor, and fur hats made upon frames, either with wide brims, one side of which is raised, or with narrower brims, both sides turned up like the English walking-hat, are taking their place.

Fur-lined silk capes or mantles are very pretty, but very expensive. The effect of a fur-lined mantle may be produced at a much cheaper rate, by putting a welt, as it might be called, along the edge of the mantle, where the outside and lining join. This gives the appearance of a fur lining, showing itself below the edge of the silk.

Dresses recently imported from Paris show quite a change in the style of the overskirt. A very handsome one, which we have examined, has a long apron front to the overskirt, which is cut in points both in the front and at the side corners. To this is joined at the sides wing-like side-breadths, rounding on the edge toward the front, but cut in a sharp corner at the back, the overskirt becoming suddenly very much narrower directly behind, while long bows and ends float down from beneath this shortened skirt. The front breadth has a transverse collection of plaits laid across the whole front; it is fastened to the side breadths with bows with floating ends; and the edge of the entire overskirt is trimmed with a double plaiting of fringed silk the same material as the dress. The sleeves of this dress are made entirely of folds about three-quarters of an inch wide. The jacket is made with a vest front and a pointed back, bows being affixed at the extreme points at either side of the back.

## New Publications.

**Household Elegancies. Suggestions in Household Art and in Tasteful Home Decorations.** By Mrs. C. S. Jones and Henry T. Williams. New York: Henry T. Williams. We wish this book had reached us sooner, so that we could have recommended it to our readers earlier in the season. It will prove a welcome companion to any lady who has a taste for fancy work, and will be exceedingly acceptable to her during the period of fancy fairs, since it shows how to make so many beautiful things of every description for the ornamentation of the home.

**Two Lectures upon the Relations of Civil Law to Church Polity, Discipline and Property.** By Hon. William Strong, J.L.D., Justice of the Supreme Court, U. S. New York: Dodd & Mead. This book will prove an exceedingly valuable one to all interested in the government and welfare of churches. It gives their

exact position under our laws, and defines what they may do, and what they may not do, legally.

**The Literature of Kissing, Gleaned from History, Poetry, Fiction and Anecdote.** By C. C. Bombaugh, A. M., M. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. A novelty in literature—a book about kissing. It tells us what the poets have said of the practice; it gives the romances which have depended on a kiss; it shows how important a part kisses have sometimes played in the history of the world. It is a readable and amusing book, and will probably become very popular.

**Notes, Explanatory and Practical, upon the International Sunday-School Lessons for the Year 1876.** By Rev. Rufus W. Clark, D. D. New York: Dodd & Mead. This work will be of great value to the teachers of evangelical Sunday-schools, and we recommend it



to their attention. It gives practical directions concerning Sunday-school work for the ensuing year.

**Mr. Mackenzie's Answer.** By Faye Huntington. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. The National Temperance Society is doing a good work in the dissemination of wholesome temperance literature, and literature which will especially attract the attention of our young people. The story before us is one of their best, while its style of binding is exceedingly elegant.

**A New Way to Win a Fortune.** By Miss Eliza Dupuy. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. Miss Dupuy is one of our most successful novelists. If we are to count success by number of readers. Her stories are well written, sentimental and sensational. The character-drawing of this novel is good, its plot original, its interest well sustained, and it is sure to add to her already wide-spread reputation.

**The Pillow of Stones.** Divine Allegories in their Spiritual Meaning. By Rev. Frank Sewell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. In this tastefully-printed volume we have twelve brief discourses, in which the spiritual and divine meanings of as many portions of sacred Scripture are explained according to the doctrine of "Correspondence" between things natural and spiritual, as given in the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg. Mr. Sewell is President of the Urbana University, at Urbana, Ohio, and is a man of large and liberal culture. The style of his book is clear and forcible. The subjects treated are the following: "The Pillow of Stones;" "The Temptation of Eve;" "Noah's Dove;" "Melchizedek's Oblation;" "Abraham and Sarah in the Land of Abimelech;" "Hagar's Return to her Mistress;" "Ishmael Restored to Life;" "The Eternal Lamp;" "The Altar of Incense;" "The Shepherd-Boy made King;" "The Armor-Bearer made Harp-Player;" and "The Money in the Sack."

**Pennsylvania Song Collection.** Lancaster, Pa.: J. P. McCaskey. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. This is an excellent collection of music, varying in its character from sacred hymns to secular songs, and especially adapted to the needs of the school-room and the social circle. The book is plainly but neatly bound, and should have a large sale.

**Heroic Life; or, Pictures of Heroes.** With Lessons from their Lives. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. This is a collection of stories of great men—kings, priests and monks—who exercised a powerful influence upon the history of their times. The stories are well told and interesting, and the book is handsomely illustrated.

**All for Money.** By Mary Dwinell Chellis. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. A well-written temperance story by a lady who is already well-known in this especial field of literature.

**The Reading Club and Handy Speaker.** Edited by George M. Baker. Boston: Lee & Shepard. This is the third number of this exceedingly popular work, which so completely meets the needs of the social circle and the school-room. Its selections are in both prose and poetry, from the best authors, and are both serious and humorous in their character.

**In-Doors and Out; or, Views from the Chimney Corner.** By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard. This is a collection of well-written sketches which have appeared from time to time in various newspapers. Some of them are grave, others gay, and all aim to give needed lessons in life. The volume is a new edition of a work first published several years ago.

**Barford Mills; or, God's Answer to Woman's Prayer.** By Miss M. E. Winslow. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. We are glad that even in these hard times there is still a demand for temperance literature. It shows that the temperance sentiment of the country is still on the increase. This story is worthy of being read.

**George Washington; or, Life in America One Hundred Years Ago.** By John S. C. Abbott. New York: Dodd & Mead. George Washington may well be ranked among the "Pioneers and Patriots" of America. His life is not only one of intense interest, but also one deserving of attention as teaching some of the profitable lessons to both old and young. Mr. Abbott is a pleasing and a popular writer, and this volume will no doubt be the favorite one in the series to which it belongs.

## Editor's Department.

### What Shall be Done with the Girls?

THE question, "What shall be done with the boys?" is, to the average American parent, far more perplexing than that other equally momentous one, "What shall be done with the girls?" The boys must be trained to some profession or business by which, when they become men, they can earn sufficient money to support not only themselves, but too often the idle and almost useless women they are foolish enough to marry. As for the girls, it is only necessary to educate them in a showy, superficial manner, to dress them as handsomely as the father's means will permit, and in due time to pass them over to the young men, who are expected to hire one or two or three servants to wait on the dainty, helpless creatures.

What to do with the boys is, under this order of things, becoming every day a more and more difficult question to determine. The cost of living has so greatly increased, in consequence of the multiplication of home luxuries in the shape of fine furniture and expensive houses, and in the too frequent abandonment of households to the waste and destruction of servants, that the young man who is to take upon himself the

maintenance of a wife and family must be thoroughly educated in some business by which he can obtain the means to enjoy the blessings of a modern home. But success in any business or profession comes only after years of patient labor; and the father knows but too well that in almost any choice of a life-pursuit which his boy may make, the chances of a prosperous result are largely against him. He finds too often most of the promising places already filled by more favored ones, and is forced to accept a position that offers little apparent advantage. The look forward is, in consequence, by no means hopeful or encouraging.

If the question, "What to do with the girls?" were more carefully considered and more wisely determined, this other question of "What to do with the boys?" would be one of easier solution. Why should the girls be raised in idleness? Why should work and service be a disgrace to them, and an honor to their brothers? Why should the home be filled with ignorant and half-trained servants to waste and annoy, when there are two or three almost useless daughters in the household, who would be healthier in mind and body if each took her share of the work, giving order and comfort to every department? The father and brothers devote themselves to earnest service; but the wife and daugh-

ters too often sit in comparative idleness at home, demanding to be served.

It is just here, that the social life of the great middle class of Americans, especially in our cities, is so sadly defective. In this false home-training of our girls we hurt the body politic; for in that training lies the fruitful source of one of the most deplorable of all social evils. Young men cannot, unless rich, or in prosperous business, afford to marry. The cost of supporting a woman who thinks it degrading to make a loaf of bread, cook a dinner or wash the dishes, even if she knew how, and who must have silks, and laces, and jewels like the rest, is too great for most young men who have to depend solely upon their own hands and brains for a livelihood. Some will not marry at all. Others take the risk and the burden with a half-blind confidence that all will come out right. But too many of these, after a few years, find themselves hopelessly in debt, while the family expenses go on steadily increasing. Then come shifts and expedients. Some break up their homes and try boarding, in order to reduce the cost of living. Some make desperate business ventures, and fall, in consequence, even more hopelessly into debt. While others cheat, rob their employers, plunder in public trusts or join the steadily-increasing army of miserable defaulters, in order to keep up a style of living as good as their neighbors.

But, is all this chargeable to the false education of our girls? Too much of it. And until they are taught that work and service are as honorable to them as to their brothers, and idleness as wrong and disgraceful, we shall see little or no change for the better in our social life. Too many servants and too many idle women are the curse of American city homes.

What, then, shall be done with the girls? Need we answer the question? Let them be trained from the beginning to regard all household work as good and honorable, and to be skilled in every department of home economy as much a woman's duty as it is the duty of a man to be skilled in the trade or calling by which he is to become the bread-winner for his family. Let duty and service be set before them as the highest end of life, and pleasure and self-indulgence as the lowest. It is the false sentiment which reverses all this that is yearly working such sad disasters in so many beautiful homes; homes built upon the sands of pride and self-indulgence, instead of upon the solid foundations of prudence, industry, economy and a loving self-sacrifice.

### Lady Violinists.

**T**HOUGH one of the lightest of musical instruments, and requiring the most delicate and agile handling and touch, the violin has been, until very recently, almost exclusively confined to male performers. Now, however, it is becoming a favorite with the gentler sex, and both in Europe and in this country the number of fine lady violinists is steadily on the increase. We see no reason why women may not acquire equal skill with men in playing upon the violin, and also upon most of the stringed orchestral instruments. Referring to this subject, a correspondent in the *Musician and Artist* says:

"As late as 1842, we learn of but few ladies having attained any remarkable proficiency in its use. Shortly after the above date, the writer, then a pupil of de Beriot, had as fellow-students two young girls, Teresa and Maria Millanollo, whose pure and sympathetic tones yet linger in the hearts of the older generation of music lovers. These two sisters possessed a most astonishing genius for violin-playing. Teresa, the older, a pensive, demure maiden, excelled in compositions of a lyrical character, while the younger, Maria, who died when only thirteen, executed playfully the most difficult compositions of Rode, Spohr and de Beriot. Seldom did more perfect playing enchant the public ear. Grace of execution, absolute purity of intonation, simplicity of expression, the charm of early youth, beauty and modesty, secured for them an unex-

ampled and most deserved success. Teresa is yet living, the matronly wife of M. Parmentier, a distinguished officer in the French army. Incited by their success, others studied this instrument, until the number of fine lady violinists has now increased sufficiently to justify our hopes that before long our string orchestras will be, in a measure, recruited from the constantly augmenting number of female players. There is, in fact, nothing to prevent them studying the viola, the violoncello, or even the double bass. By the addition of female players, our orchestras can but gain in neatness and precision—qualities so essentially feminine. \* \* \* We gladly espouse the cause of women's right to play upon all the instruments of the orchestra, and to bring all their fine faculties to bear upon the proper rendition of our great symphonic works. Among the successful lady violinists, the foremost place is due to Mesdames Normand-Neruda and Camilla Urso, while here in America the violin promises soon to rival the piano in the constantly increasing number of its female votaries."

### Longfellow's Residence at Cambridge.

**T**HIS old mansion, memorable as the headquarters of Washington in 1775, was built in 1750, by Colonel John Vassall, a firm loyalist, who fled to England in 1775, his property in Cambridge and Boston having been confiscated. Its next occupant was Colonel John Glover, a bold little Marblehead soldier, who quartered some of his troops in the spacious structure. When Washington rode into Cambridge, on Sunday, June 2d, 1775, he was greatly pleased with the appearance of the house, and having had it cleaned, he established himself therein during the same month. Martha Washington arrived at the house in December, and Washington remained in it till April of the following year.

A writer in *Harper's Magazine* gives the subsequent history of this mansion:

"The owners of the house after the Revolution were Nathaniel Tracy (whom Washington visited for an hour in 1789), Thomas Russell and Dr. Andrew Craigie. Talleyrand and Lafayette slept in it, and in 1833 Jared Sparks commenced to keep house within its historic rooms. Everett, and Worcester the lexicographer, also occupied it for a time, and Mr. Longfellow took up his abode in it in 1837. At first he merely rented a room, establishing himself in Washington's south-east bedroom. Here he wrote 'Hyperion' and 'Voices of the Night.' In the dwelling, in one room and another, almost all his books, save the two which date from his Bowdoin professorship, have been produced. Longfellow had not long been an occupant of the house before he bought it. Its timbers are perfectly sound. The lawn in front is neatly kept; and across the street there stretches a green meadow as far as the banks of the Charles, bought by the poet to preserve his view. Mr. Longfellow himself, as he draws near seventy, is a fine picture of beautiful manhood. It has been remarked by his friends that his health has been much improved since he delivered his poem, 'Morituri Salutamus,' at the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation. And all Cambridge, down to coal-heavers and hod-carriers, reveres him, not only as a poet, but as a kind and gentle man."

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